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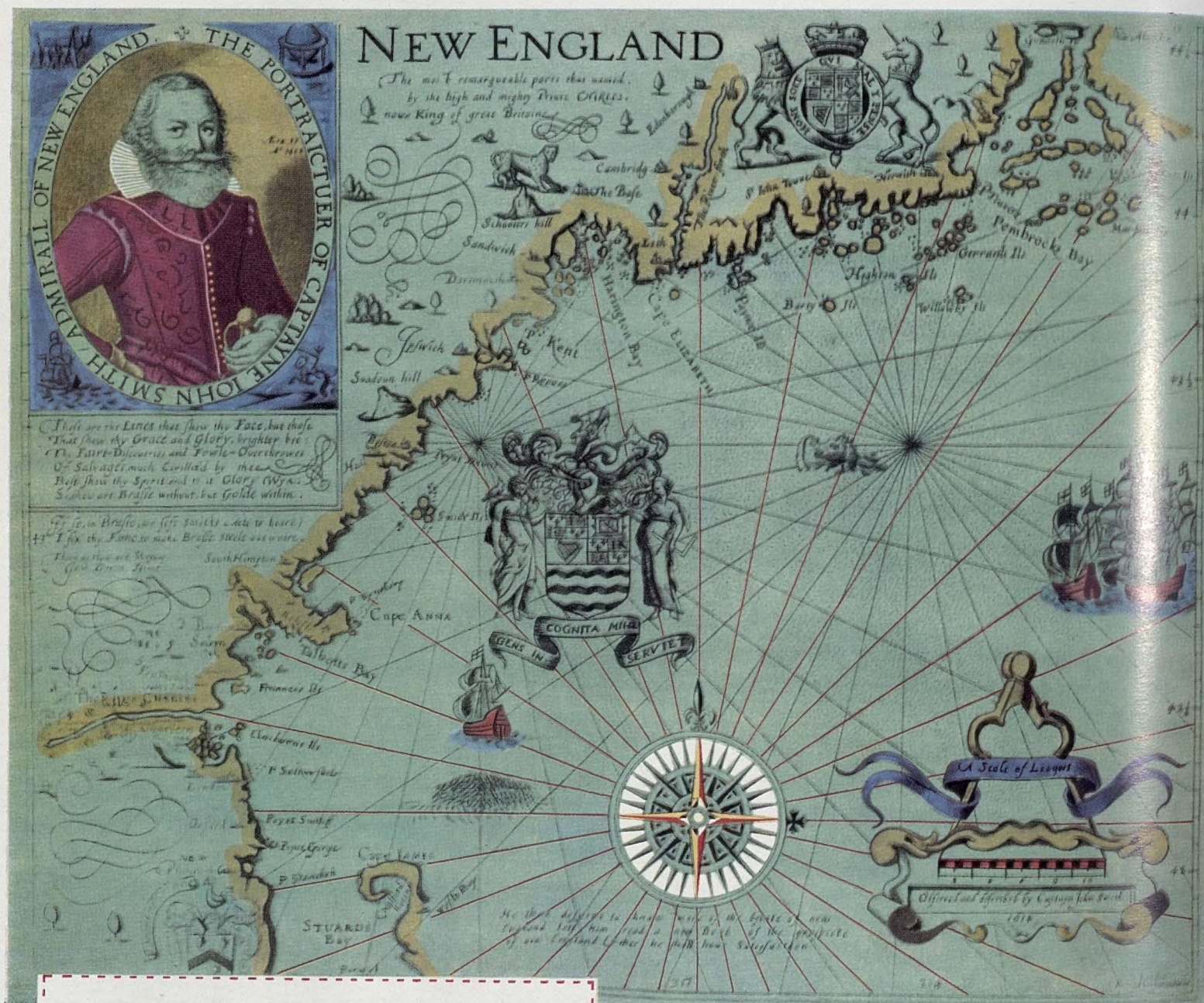
F
SGIVING!

A young girl with blonde hair, wearing a blue plaid dress with a white collar and white gloves, stands next to a large, ornate silver serving cart. She is holding a small yellow object in her hands. The cart is filled with various food items, including a turkey, a ham, a large cake, and various fruits and vegetables. The cart is decorated with a large red bow and a sign that reads "FORTNUM & MASON LONDON". The background is a solid green color.

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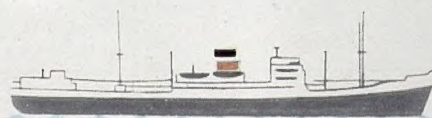
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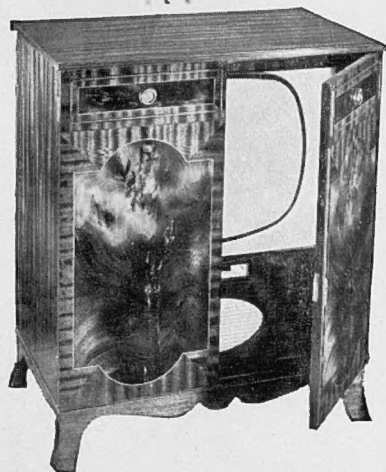
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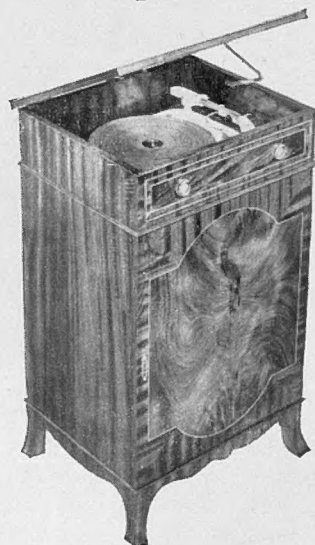
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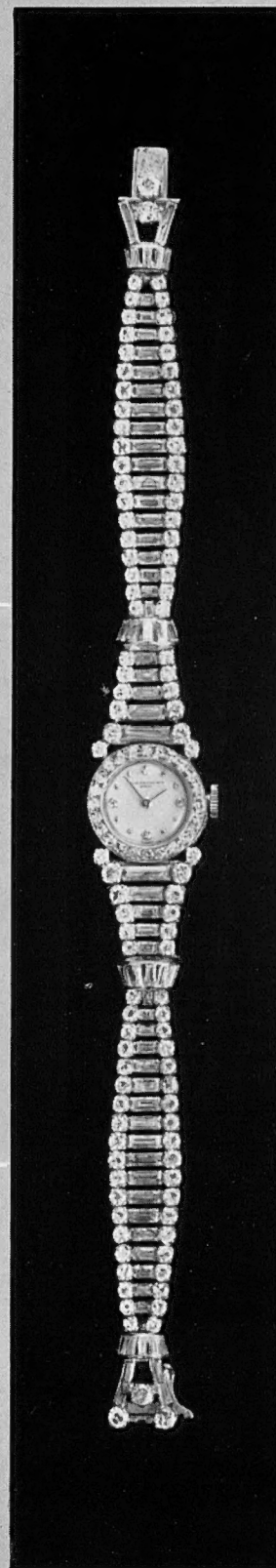
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GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

THIS is the time of year when Americans are preparing for Thanksgiving, their national extra-Christmas, which occurs next week. So far they have managed to get away with this junketing all to themselves, but this year *The Tatler's* COVER FEATURE puts a suggestion to readers: Have Yourself a Thanksgiving! For some of the reasons, see *Some Things To Be Thankful For*, beginning on page 403. . . .

To compensate for pinching Thanksgiving from the Americans, it seemed only fair to slip in something about themselves. Hence *The Village That Blooms in the Autumn* (page 400), described by Willa Mettschek, from New York. . . .

On home ground two events in the news are Klemperer conducting at the Royal Festival Hall and William Douglas Home's new play at the Fortune. Spike Hughes writes of Klemperer's career on page 416, and Alan Vines photographs *36 Hours In The Life Of A Playwright* (page 397).

Next Week: Arcadia in our time. . . . The Band of the Lily. . . . Children's Party clothes. . . .

Three Weeks Ago: Hector Bolitho, who contributed *The Brighton I Love* to the 28 October issue, writes: "A woman phoned me to say that she had been going to move from Brighton, but after reading my article she has changed her mind and has decided to stay."

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OUT OF
DOORS

R.A.C. International Rally Races, Crystal Palace, 21 November.

Rugby: Second Test Match, Britain v. Australia, Headingley, Leeds, 21 November.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. First nights, *Carmen*, 7.30, 23 November; *Aida*, 7 p.m., 25 November; *Der Rosenkavalier*, 7 p.m., 4 December. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Final concerts of the Beethoven Festival, conducted by **Otto Klemperer**, 8 p.m., 28, 30 November; **Sir Thomas Beecham** conducts the Royal Philharmonic (solo 'cellist Jean Max Clement), 7.30 p.m., 22 November. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, Pine-apple Poll, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis & Chloe, 7.30 p.m., 21, 24, 27 November.

ART

Art In Revolt: Germany 1905—1925. Marlborough Gallery, Old Bond St. 10 a.m.—5 p.m., Saturdays, 10 a.m.—12 noon. To end of month. (In aid of the World Refugee Year.)

Bella Brisel paintings, Kaplan Gallery, Duke St. 10 a.m.—6 p.m., Saturdays, 10 a.m.—1 p.m., to 28 November.

EXHIBITIONS

British Sailor Exhibition (to 23 December), and **500 Books for Children Exhibition** (25 November—2 January). National Book League, Albemarle St.

London Medical Exhibition, R.H.S., New Hall, Westminster, to 20 November.

FIRST
NIGHTS

Aldephi. Cyrano de Bergerac, full-length ballet by Roland Petit, costumes by Yves St.-Laurent. Tonight. **Royal Court. Rosmersholm.** New translation by Ann Jellicoe. Tonight.

CHARITY
EVENTS

The Snow Ball, the Dorchester, 2 December. Tickets, £3 10s., from the Marchioness of Blandford (Ball Chairman), Greater London Fund for the Blind, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1. (PAD 1677.)

County Ball, Berkshire Golf Club, Ascot, in aid of the Order of St. John, 27 November. Tickets £2 2s. from the Secretary, St. John House, 101 London Rd., Reading, Berks.

HUNT BALLS

Bridge Tournament & Sale, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., the Dorchester, 14 December. Tickets (£3 3s. each table) from Mrs. Robin Fenwick, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

V.W.H. (Cricklade) (Officers Mess, S. Cerney, R.A.F.), **E. Kent** (Hotel Imperial, Hythe), **Old Surrey & Burstow** (Bolebrooke, Hartfield, Sussex), **Brighton & Storrington Beagles** (Royal Pavilion, Brighton), **Claro Beagles** (Old Swan, Harrogate), **Hambleton** (Guildhall, Winchester), **Sir W. W. Wynn's** (Cefn Park, near Wrexham), 27 November; **Cambridge University United Hunts Club** (Pitt Club, Cambridge), 28 November; **Warwickshire** (Shire Hall, Warwick), **Eridge, Beaufort** (Badminton House), **Burton** (R.A.F. Scampton, Lincs), **Dartmoor Otterhounds** (Town Hall, North Tawton), 4 December.

PRAISED
PLAYS

From reviews by Anthony Cookman.
For this week's see p. 418.

The Marriage-Go-Round. "... a comedy of American university life ... most enjoyable." John Clements, Kay Hammond. (Piccadilly Theatre, GER 4506.)

The Crooked Mile. "... The most entertaining English musical comedy that has gladdened the ear for a very long time ... recommended to all who go expecting gaiety, wit and charm." Elisabeth Welch, Jack MacGowran, Millicent Martin. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

FANCIED
FILMS

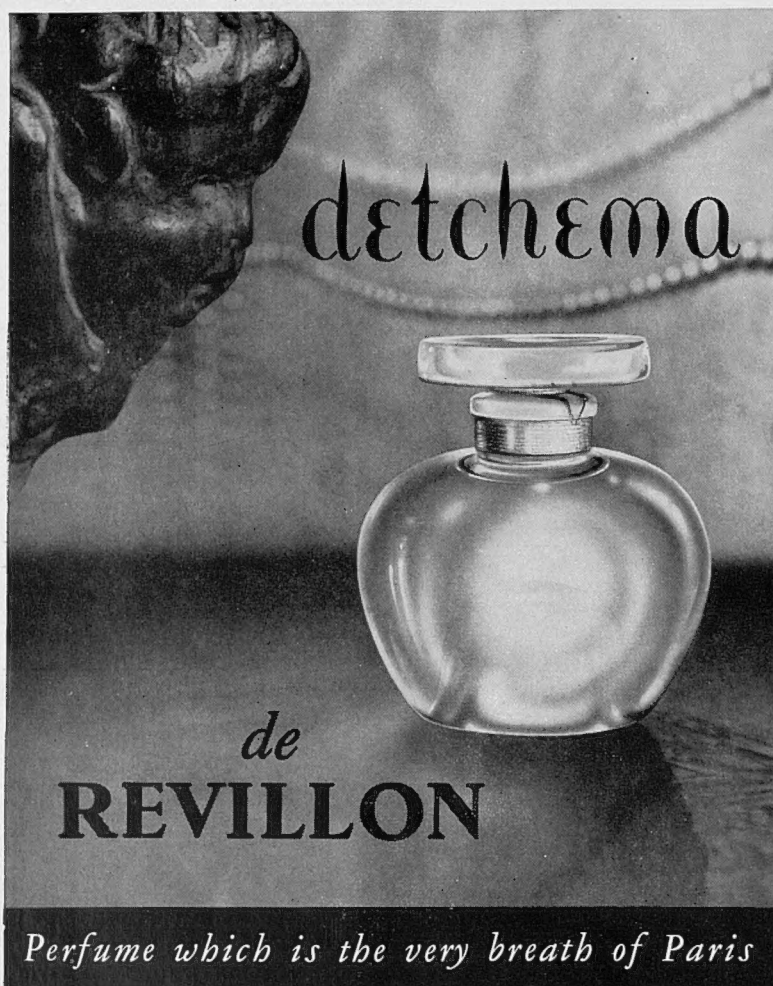
From reviews by Elspeth Grant.
For this week's see page 419.

G.R. = general release

The World, The Flesh & The Devil. "... well-made ... the impressive and chilling scenes of the deserted city are excellently photographed." Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens, Mel Ferrer. (G.R.) **North-West Frontier.** "... splendidly exciting. ... I do not think you will find a more enjoyable or satisfying film anywhere." Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall, Herbert Lom. (G.R.)

DINING OUT

The TATLER's new restaurant guide begins on page 382. . . .



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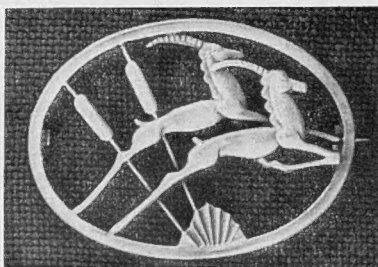
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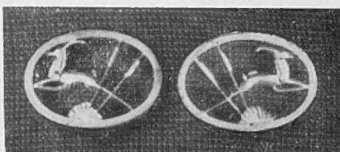
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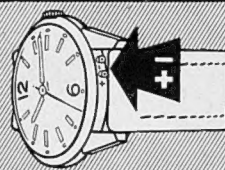
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GUIDE TO DINING OUT

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

La Belle Meunière, 5 Charlotte Street. (MUS 4975.) C.S. Mario and Gaspar are master-craftsmen working with first-class materials. Wisely they do not worry about an over-elaborate décor, but plenty about their admirable food and wines. A lot of very pleasant people are obviously aware of this fact. Not cheap but excellent value. W.B. **Les Gourmets**, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue, Chelsea. (KEN 8068.) C.S. and dinner on Saturdays. Quite new. Plenty of room. Comfortable. Swift and friendly service. Good table d'hôte dinner for 12s. 6d. *A la carte* specialities include scampi and Steak Diane, both well above average. Unobtrusive piano music at dinner.

Sorrento, 32 Old Compton Street. (GER 1535.) Small, but adequate space between tables. Good Mediterranean cooking, but not for impatient clock-watchers. The quality of the meat is outstanding. Well known to a number of discerning M.P.s. Not expensive.

Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria. (VIC 9494.) Outside a club a good cold table is difficult to find, but they have got it here, though a Stilton and some Cox's apples would be welcome additions. The cold beef and ham are always good. Also a good fish chef. W.B. Lunch.

Walton Grill, Walton Street, Chelsea. (KEN 6523.) C.S. Same direction as Chez Luba, but much, much less expensive. Small, functional, but comfortable. Useful for young people with limited incomes. W.B. Lunch.

Pastoria Hotel Restaurant, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. (WHI 8641.) C.S. Adrian Pastori, like his father before him, regards cooking as an art. On Thursdays what I believe is the best steak-and-kidney pudding in London is on the menu. There are several other outstanding specialities, including an extremely good *sole maison*.

Maison Basque, 11 Dover Street. (REG 2651.) C.S. The number of restaurants in London that a Frenchman would describe as "intime" becomes regrettably fewer each year. Years ago I said the Maison Basque was an ideal place to take a pretty woman who en-

joyed food and wine. I say it again. **Café Royal Restaurant**, 68 Regent Street, W.1. (WHI 2373.) C.S. The Café Royal cellars are among the finest in London. At one time the restaurant was not up to their standard, but Mr. Amanda has made it his especial care, with satisfactory results. The grill room alone retains the old décor. It is good, and full of nostalgia memories for the over-fifties. W.B. The grill room is open on Sundays.

Samuel Whitbread, Leicester Sq. (TRA 2412.) C.S. Some years ago Whitbreads published an admirable book, *Receipts and Relishes*, listing famous traditional and regional dishes. This restaurant now provides many of these dishes, and well cooked, too. The menu usually includes potted grouse, Judges Circuit soup, Cromwellian boiled fowl, and star-gazy pie. It is the only place, outside the brewery, where one can drink the splendid Britannia Bitter. W.B.

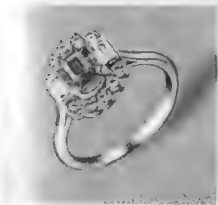
Overton's, Victoria Buildings, Victoria Station. (VIC 3744.) C.S. One of my favourite restaurants. Small, first-class cooking, especially fish, admirable service, good cellar, and pleasant décor. Oysters excellent, and not ruinously expensive, and *sole Colbert* outstanding. I like as well its bigger and more opulent younger brother in St. James's Street (TRA 3774—C.S.) and the younger generation would find it more amusing. But I know of several discerning Frenchmen who make straight for the Victoria one on reaching London. W.B.

Balkan Grill, 20a Baker Street. (WEL 5945.) C.S. This restaurant's name describes it perfectly. Here are the dishes of Greece, Turkey, Syria and the Lebanon (most of them off a charcoal fire). Some of the clientele come from the same part of the world. Amusing in that it's different. W.B. at night.

New Inn, St. Neots. (St. Neots 50.) Just off A1, and 57 miles from London, the New Inn is some 500 years old, but it contains a completely French restaurant—chef, food, wines and décor. If Michelin had a British edition they would give it two rosettes on its classification, "excellent cuisine, worth a detour." Don't expect to find country-hotel prices. Open Sundays but full weekends. W.B.



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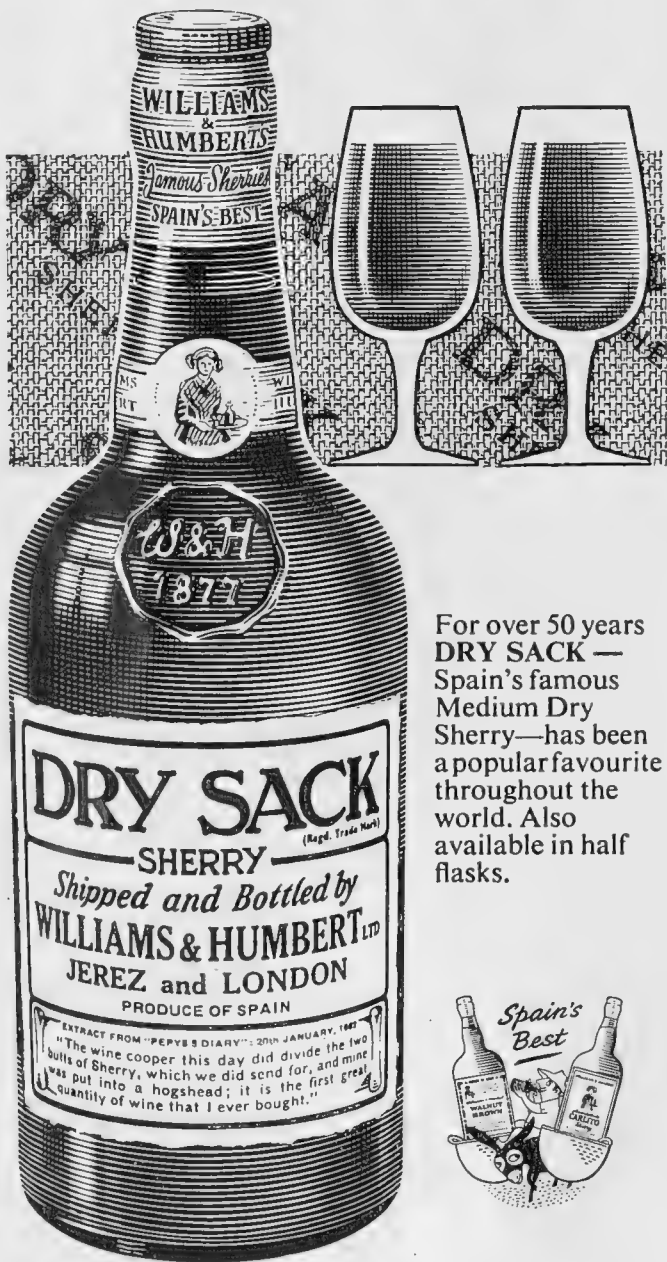
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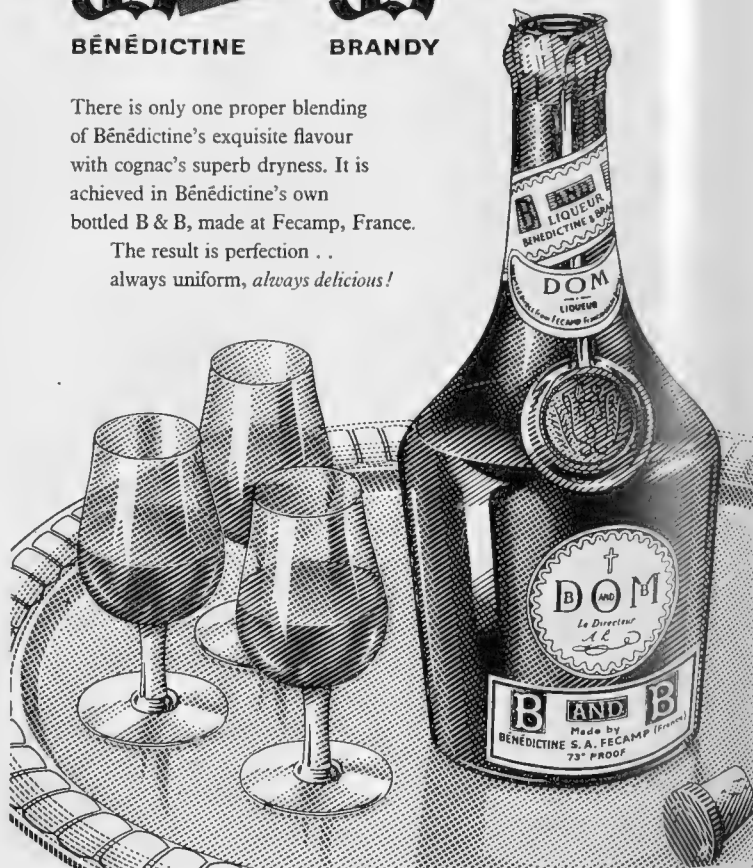
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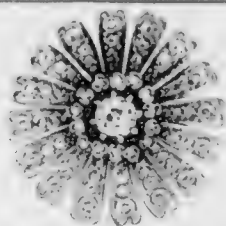
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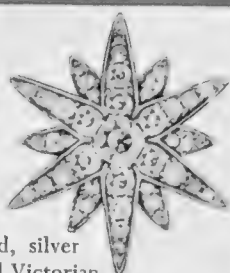
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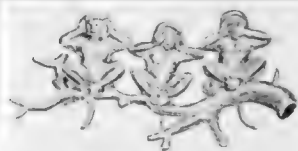
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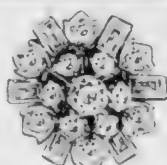
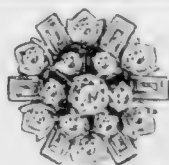


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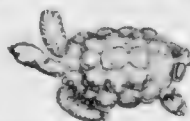


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NEW YORK



Brotherton-Ratcliffe—Muncaster: Ursula Mary, daughter of the late Capt. Edward Brotherton-Ratcliffe and of Mrs. Brotherton-Ratcliffe, of Mere, Wiltshire, married Clive, son of Mr. Claude & the Hon. Mrs. Muncaster, of Petworth, Sussex, at Brompton Oratory



Barclay—Keown-Boyd: Gillian Jean, daughter of Sir Roderick Barclay, British Ambassador to Denmark, & Lady Barclay, married David, son of the late Sir Alexander Keown-Boyd, and of Lady Keown-Boyd, Pontiffrith Court, Hereford, at the Savoy Chapel



Gibson—Grogan: Serena Alexandra Blaikie, daughter of the late Capt. Alexander Gibson, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), and of Mrs. Gibson, of Pont Street, London, S.W.1, married Michael Leonard, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Grogan, Slaney Park, Baltinglass, co. Wicklow, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

WEDDINGS



Saundby—Canning: Elizabeth Anne, daughter of Air Marshal Sir Robert & Lady Saundby, of Burghclere, Hampshire, married Capt. Hugh Canning, Wiltshire Regiment, son of Col. & Mrs. C. D. Canning, of Dinton, Wilts, at the Church of the Ascension, Burghclere



Rogers—Leffler: Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. G. Rogers, warden of Le Abbey, Lynton, Devon, & Mrs. Rogers, married the Rev. Christopher Leffler, only son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Leffler, of Clarence Avenue, New Malden, Surrey, at St. Mary the Virgin's, Lynton

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*Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, 30,
M.P. for North Devon*



*Mr. Charles Longbottom, 29,
M.P. for York*

MURIEL BOWEN

meets...

The hostess with the leastest worry

about finding the odd man

to make up the number...

I HAVE been talking to a hostess with every reason to be unworried: the **Hon. Lady Hylton-Foster**, wife of the new Speaker of the House of Commons.

Never for her that troublesome business of finding the extra man. She has only to send downstairs and her dining-table will be filled, for the new House of Commons is simply bulging with bachelors. Not that bachelor M.P.s are always the answer to a hostess's prayer. I've known some who have been as sombre as an unsuccessful summit conference. But Lady Hylton-Foster—and other political hostesses—can add some interesting names to their lists from the newcomers. For this has been a vintage election year for bachelors.

Who are they? There is **Mr. William Van Straubenzee** ("say it to rhyme with Mackenzie"), 35, Westminster, the army, and a solicitor. Men say that Mr. Van Straubenzee is pompous, but women think him charming. He's done everything—a major at 22, chairman of the Young Conservatives at 27,



*Mr. Peter Tapsell, 30, M.P.
for West Nottingham*

and the United & Cecil Club has just given him a silver cigarette case for his 6½ years as the club's honorary secretary. But does Mr. Van Straubenzee have any time for parties and is it any use asking him? "Oh, yes indeed," says Mr. Van S. "I love social occasions, but I prefer the informal type—where the guests join the hostess in doing the washing-up afterwards." (Lady Hylton-Foster should be pleased—she tells me her biggest problem in moving into Speaker's House is the assembling of a domestic staff.) He and his sister (she's at the War Office) like to give Sunday evening suppers at the family home in Chelsea. And there's not much politics. The family isn't politically minded, and as Mr. Van Straubenzee puts it: "I prefer women who can talk about old silver, furniture and things of that sort. I get enough of politics all week."

Mr. Humphry Berkeley, 33, went to both Malvern and Pembroke College, Cambridge on scholarships, and he became

continued overleaf



*Mr. Humphry Berkeley, 33,
M.P. for Lancaster*

President of the Union. Nowadays he directs the advertising department of a group of engineering companies, and he broadcasts regularly. Mr. Berkeley is slim, blond, and scholarly. Some people find his scholarship (he's refreshingly well read for a young man) slightly off-putting. But he can and does come off it. He once helped to run a holiday camp during vacation from Cambridge, and according to Mr. Peter Tapsell, M.P., who has a flat in the same house in Kensington: "He can whisk up a tolerably good omelet if he's got to."

Mr. Berkeley gives occasional champagne parties at his flat—an invitation a girl shouldn't miss as Mr. Berkeley always manages to rope in a collection of interesting men. The parties he likes best himself are balls in country houses. He says: "They usually have got atmosphere, charm and comfort—all things I like."

Mr. Tapsell, 30, is another of the more brainy ones. He made his own way on scholarships through Tonbridge School and Merton College, Oxford. For relaxation he goes to the opera. "I don't know anything about music," he tells me, "but I adore the noise." He's tall, broad-shouldered, and most people—though not everybody—consider him handsome. Mr. Tapsell stockbroses in the City, coming to that by way of road-

building (for the groundnuts scheme) in Tanganyika and research on Sir Anthony Eden's staff.

Like Humphry Berkeley he took jobs while at university—one vacation he spent as a waiter in a Chinese restaurant in Paris, and he's got a preference for parties in the country. "Country house parties often have good food, good wine, and good conversation and these things to me are among the great pleasures of life." He's not nearly so party-minded though as some of the other bachelors. Elected last month, he's already canvassing his Nottingham constituency for the next election. By 1964 he hopes to have got to every house.

Burly, bustling Mr. Charles Longbottom, 29, is one of those who believe that the social side of life could be helped along with legislation. "High time those betting and gaming laws were gone into," he said, slightly rocking the late-afternoon sepulchral calm of the Carlton Club. "I've been going to races since I was five and I don't see a thing wrong with a chap being able to go up the road to put a bob on a horse if he wants to." Mr. Longbottom is extremely popular in York (the division he took over from Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, the new Speaker), and anyone who has heard the York race crowd howl home the Gimcrack winner won't find his popularity hard to understand. He is also a water-skier ("stops my weight from rocketing"), and a keen shot ("pheasants when I can hit them"). With a home in Scarborough, an insurance business in London, plus his York division and the House of Commons Mr. Longbottom would seem to be a very-long-odds shot when it comes to helping out the hostess. But he doesn't want to be a non-starter for party invitations. "Now that I'm in the House of Commons," he said firmly, "I don't want to become dull."

When I spoke to Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, 30, in his office in the Middle Temple an invitation from a leading ambassador was propped up on his desk and addressed to: *Mr. & Mrs. Jeremy Thorpe*. But Mr. Thorpe, Eton and Trinity College, Oxford, the sole and volatile addition to the Liberal benches, is still a bachelor.

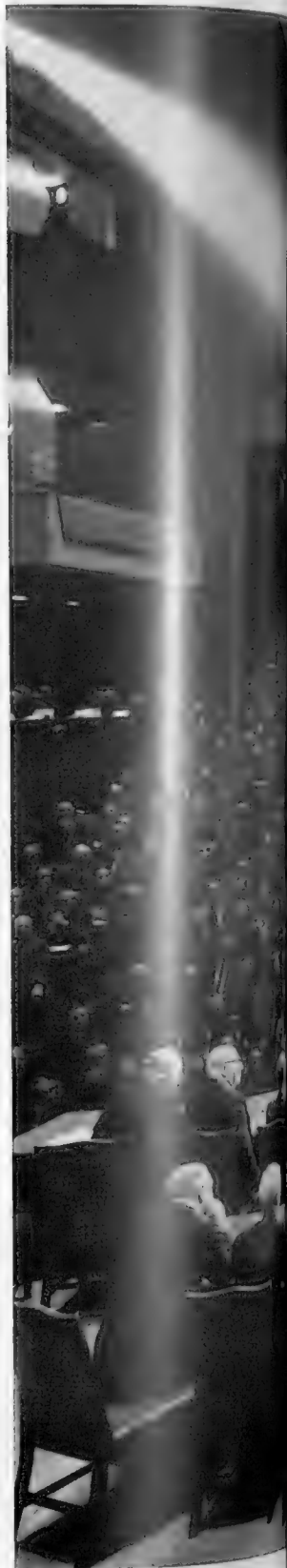
Life for an M.P. in Devon and Cornwall is very social he told me. "Lord Clifden is the

continued on page 392



*Mr. William Van Straubenzee, 35,
M.P. for Wokingham*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VAN HALLAN



3,000 expense accounts . . .

The men from the boardroom listened to the man from THE boardroom as Sir Alexander Fleck, head of Britain's biggest business, Imperial Chemical Industries, addressed a conference of company directors at the Royal Festival Hall. There were about 3,000 directors present (another 1,800 members of the Institute of Directors failed in the ballot for places), and their companies' capital amounted to some £1,000,000,000. Those envious of such a massed array of expense accounts might take heart from a glance at the gallery. There seems to be room at the top . . .



OPENING MEET

The Killing Kildares, at
Johnstown, Naas, Co. Kildare

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES FENNELL



Mr. Jack Hartigan, huntsman of the Kildares, with point-to-point rider Miss Avia Daly



Baroness de Robeck, wife of Brig. Baron de Robeck. They live at nearby Gowran Grange



Lt.-Col. Rowley Byers, racehorse owner from co. Dublin, & Lady Carew of Castletown, Celbridge



Lady Brooke (her son, Sir George Brooke, Bt., is Master of the Kildare Hunt) and Viscount Bury



The Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, joint-Master of the North Kildare Harriers, is only nineteen



Mrs. Tom Cooper (former international show jumper Valerie Beamish) and her son, Alan

great Liberal party-giver down there," he said. "He entertains in style as they did in London in my mother's day—a butler, three footmen, and a six-course dinner for about 24." Then there are the yearly suppers in the Exmoor villages with everything cooked by the local people. "No mayors, no nobbery, no suburbia," explains Mr. Thorpe, "and West Country cookery has a West Country flavour."

Mr. Thorpe is affable, agreeable, confident. I got the impression that it's only for the sheer fun it gives him that he likes to talk at times like an angry young man.

Lady Hylton-Foster told me she is not yet sure when she will start giving luncheons for M.P.s at the Speaker's House, which she won't be moving into before January.

"But my father [the late Viscount Ruffside] always gave them once a week when he was Speaker and we're going to revert to the practice." She thinks eight is the ideal number for lunch. "Otherwise there are too many for easy conversation and it all becomes a shambles." She also likes to give suppers, but she won't be giving any at Speaker's House—dinner parties fit in better with the Speaker's schedule. Besides, a tremendous amount of entertaining of dignitaries from Commonwealth parliaments falls on the Speaker and these functions are traditionally formal dinners.

The woman who becomes No. 2 among Parliamentary hostesses is trim and dark, with a charming smile and rather shy. On my way to her freezing cold office I passed her prewar bicycle propped outside in the hall. "When we move to Westminster I shall be travelling here by bus," she smiled. "The No. 11 is a very good service, but I expect I shall miss my bicycle—especially on the fine days."

TALLY-HO UP THE M.1

Leaving the politicians I headed up the M.1 to the opening meet of the North Warwickshire Hounds at Lord Leigh's home, Stoneleigh Abbey. The field, 150 strong, was the biggest for some years, and there

continued overleaf

OPENING MEET

The North Warwickshire, at
Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth

PHOTOGRAPHS ROGER HILL



Lord Leigh (centre), joint-Master of the North Warwickshire hounds. Three of his four sons were also riding, but Lady Leigh was on foot



Mr. Robin Dare, who is often in South Africa on business, wore the scarlet collar of the Rand Hunt, Johannesburg, with which he also rides



Mr. Gerald G. Alderson, the surgeon, is honorary secretary of the hunt. He lives in Leamington Spa



Capt. "Pup" Arkwright, (joint-Master with Mr. T. J. Bates, who was not riding, and Lord Leigh)



Capt. Arkwright's mother, Mrs. J. P. Arkwright, was once joint-Master, as was her late husband

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

were bicycles by the score stacked round the pink 12-century gatehouse. "Last year we'd got E.S.B. here," said **Lady Leigh**, whose husband is joint-Master, "but unfortunately for us he's racing in Liverpool today." In the North Warwickshire country they're very proud of their two Grand National winners, Mrs. **Leonard Carver's** veteran, E.S.B. (he won the year that the **Queen Mother's** Devon Loch stole the headlines by slipping up), and Mr. **Geoffrey Kohn's** Sundew.

Out on the lawn in front of the abbey stirrup cups were being passed round, but 80-year-old Mrs. **J. P. Arkwright** brushed one aside, preferring to point her stick at this hound and that and comment on them to the huntsman, Mr. **Frank Angless**. "I've broken my legs seven or eight times—I can't remember which, but I reckon that every break was worth the fun I had," she told me. Her husband became joint-Master in 1894 and she took over in 1929. Her son is joint-Master today.

As we jogged down the Lime Avenue to the first draw I noticed what a well-dressed field it was. Notably well turned out among the women were Mrs. "Pup" **Arkwright**, Miss **Pat Russell**, and Miss **C. W. Brooks** on her new, good-looking steel-grey. But then Warwickshire foxhunters have been dress-conscious since the days a century ago when **Lord Middleton** was Master; for appearance's sake he used to be so tightly breeched that he had to be lifted on to his horse.

Soon there was a stirring in the undergrowth and a hound giving tongue. "I'm going forward to try and hear hounds," said **Captain Arkwright**, the joint-Master, turning to a couple of ladies gossiping behind him. (It was quite the most gentlemanly reprimand I've ever heard given in the field by an M.F.H.) Within seconds the whole pack had joined in the chorus. And then a kill in the

first field. "The farmers won't half be glad about that 'un," said bowler-hatted Mr. **George Duggins** who was riding a stocky dock-tailed cob like those in the old prints. Mr. Duggins is the local blacksmith.

Then a gallop across some fields, through the River Avon, to another covert on the opposite bank. There I met Mr. **Robin Dear**, whose business interests allow him to hunt in both Warwickshire and South Africa, and also Mr. **F. G. Radcliffe**, who made a splendid film of the North Warwickshire which is now available from the British Field Sports Society. "They told me that I'd never be able to collect a crowd for the film," he said. "But they came from everywhere. All sorts of people." It was like that at the Opening Meet, too, masses of people, but one noticeable absentee Mr. **Tom Bates**, the senior joint-Master, who was temporarily indisposed. Few indeed can be the Masters of foxhounds who get to their offices, as he does, at 6.30 a.m. in order to get out with their hounds later in the day.

DESTINATION: ICELAND

So many places are on the map because Englishmen thought that the best thing in life was to explore. Nowadays with Everest conquered and Antarctica tamed—when I was in New Zealand last year they spoke of Antarctica shortly becoming a tourists' paradise—exploring isn't the headline-maker it once was. Still, schoolboys dream of exploration, and to help their dreams come true the British Schools Exploring Society held a dinner at the Dorchester with Adm. **Sir Cecil Harcourt** presiding.

I talked to a number of teenage explorers who marched 80 miles into Arctic Sweden and back last summer and found "mosquitoes so big we almost expected them to tie our boots for us." One was 18-year-old Mr. **Beverley**

George, who plans to become a doctor. "The most exciting thing was not knowing how each day was going to work out—apart from the dried vegetables and the blueberry pie which were always the same."

Next summer 65 boys will explore central Iceland. "We've already got nearly 300 applications," Comdr. **N. de G. Waymouth** said. At the dinner there were appeals for funds from **Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer**



Van Hallan
Miss Anita Taylor and Mr. Beverley George

and **Lord Tweedsmuir**, who came accompanied by their wives. Such appeals are not easily digested after a good meal, but the money came in all right.

After dinner Mrs. **Basil Lindsay-Fynn** spearheaded exploration in the direction of the tombola stall. **Lord & Lady Nathan** followed her, and so did Mr. **Humphrey Crum-Ewing**, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. **P. A. Wootton**, Mrs. **G. Murray Levick** (widow of the surgeon-commander who founded the society), and Vice Adm. **Sir Conolly & Lady Mary Abel Smith**. The Admiral was having his leg pulled about the beard he grew when he went round the world in *Britannia* with **Prince Philip**.

BRIGGS by Graham





Coming-out dance

GIVEN FOR HER DAUGHTER JULIET
BY MRS. JAMES MUSKER AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

Miss Juliet Musker, whose party it was, watches some of the guests arriving (right)

Miss Sara-Jane Trusted



Miss Caroline Berry and Mr. Giles Wontner



Mr. John Halford and Miss April Drummond



Viscount Anson and Miss Jenifer Wontner



Miss Zia Foxcell and Mr. David Luscombe



The right side of 30

by PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE

I'M GLAD I'm not all that young any more. After a woman is 30 there are so many things that simply don't matter to the same extent. Those partnerless hours spent in the cloakroom at parties, trying to be gay to the attendant—nowadays she's probably an old acquaintance, and my escorts send messages in to ask what on earth I'm gossiping about and will I come out before "*Auld lang syne*." . . . Those ordeals by icy waiters when one's date kept one waiting! Today, I order the most expensive drink on the list and give the barman good advice about his sore feet, and he gives me a tip for the three-thirty. . . . That agony of indecision when the beloved phoned and one didn't know whether to rush out eagerly and meet him in the wet and windy night, or try to pin him down to a coffee the next evening—by now I've developed the strength of character to say that I'm having a face-pack and an early night, and he can take me to lunch next Thursday.

So many minor disasters just stop happening. Stocking seams stay straight, noses develop a natural mattness, blouses and skirts combine in an orderly midriff and if any undergarments should crash to the floor in public—they hardly ever do—it's a giggle rather than a gaffe. One knows what to say to bank managers, tax inspectors, even to hall porters at the more austere clubs, and one is capable of being firm with Monsieur Felix when, razor aflourish, he wants to cut one's hair within half an inch of one's head.

I enjoy being old enough to withstand the assault of the most sure-sale *vendeuse*.

Recently I saw a young thing being crammed into a frilly tiered frock that converted her into Mademoiselle Michelin. "Isn't it a bit tight?" she ventured. "Oh, no," trilled the assistant, yanking the zip over a pocket of protesting flesh, "this model is *meant* to cling." But I can say boldly that size 16 with a straight skirt makes me look like the back of a Buick. and please may I try being all fragile and lost in an 18?

When hats make my face look like a raised game-pie, I remark that of course that style is much too young. And how I bask when the milliner agrees that madam needs an *important* hat—which is a code way of saying that anything with a big brim is kinder to the jawline. Now I adore wearing the sort of conspicuous hat that would have caused me agonies in those far-off times of coveting a teenage uniformity of style. I love the kind of furry hat that makes lorry-drivers lean out of their cabs and shout how did I get it back alive. I love the picture kind that causes elderly gentlemen to relinquish their taxis in my favour, and I love the crazy kind of hat that's always good for breaking the ice at a tricky business conference (and once made a charming stranger introduce himself to me at a party because he said he simply had to know the woman who could possibly put *such* a confection on her head).

It's so nice being old enough to be sentimental. When I was 12 I went to buy myself a beautiful soft baby elephant, was asked if it were a present for a boy or a girl, and when I said a girl was nearly sold a

doll of insipid appearance and no character. My father found me near tears, unable to explain. But at 30 I saw a yellow duckling in a blue bonnet which instantly said through the shop window that it wanted to belong to me, at which I entered the emporium, demanded it and took it away. (It travels everywhere with me and I don't care what the customs officers think.) Nor do I mind when films and plays and music and the ballet make me cry in public—though with the years one does seem to weep slightly more tidily and attractively than in the boohoo and beetroot-face epoch, just as one somehow acquires the ability to get oneself out of the milling throng when one just has got to be ill.

I also know that I need never show that I care when anyone says hurtful things to me. It can be whispered that colleagues are intriguing me out of my job, that my friends think me a dreary bitch, that the people I admire find me boring, and that those I love despise me. I know that the years have given me a protective social mask—and I know, too, that I can drink half a bottle of champagne, have my hair done, buy something unnecessary and expensive and *feel better*—to say nothing of the new colleagues, friends, idols and lovers I may meet round the next corner. At 20 I knew this in theory. Nowadays it's a gorgeously consoling fact. "Wotthehell, wotthehell," I say with Mehitabel. "Toujours gai!"

Then there's the feeling of being old enough to say no—to all sorts of things. I no longer go to have a simple shampoo-and-set and come out having paid for a cider rinse, a manicure, a new eyebrow pencil, and coffee and a *croissant* as well. Nor will I submit to girdles that divide my stomach at mealtimes into two sections, and shoes that make my feet look six inches longer than they are (with the type of toe that, in the upper fifth, was known as a wrinkle-picker). I won't ever again endure the *longueurs* of that committee meeting in the first act of *Meistersinger*. I won't make up parties to see films in which five minutes are devoted to the close-up of the sweat breaking out of someone's pores. And I won't even pretend I'm going to read novels in which people struggle through crime, vice, fearful sanitary conditions and deplorable punctuation. As for people planning those winter holidays in which they slide down hills on two bits of wood they can count me out, once and for all.

Indeed, I almost think that life really starts to be fun when one has learnt how and when to say no. There's all the difference in the world between letting oneself slide happily and open-eyed into a Situation, and having to get out of it because one didn't refuse that one for the road . . . between the request for an aspirin from the next-door sleeper on the night ferry, or the 2 a.m. phone call *à propos* of a lost latch key. I'm glad I'm not *that* young any more.

But of course, I'm looking forward to a long, long youth.



Poring over the morning papers Mr. William Douglas Home and his wife read the reviews of Aunt Edwina, which had its West End first night the previous evening. Most of the critics slated his play, and within four nights came a closing-



36 hours in a playwright's life

down announcement. Then Mr. Douglas Home, who takes as poor a view of many critics as they did of his play, appealed to the Saturday-night audience from the Fortune's stage. He received clamorous support and Aunt Edwina was reprieved



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES



The 36 hours that ended with William Douglas Home reading his notices (page 397) began at the theatre on the evening before the first night. There, with his secretary Miss Trevethan and Mr. E. P. Clift (manager of the Fortune), he took notes at the last rehearsal



Back at the flat where he was staying he sent off telegrams of thanks and good wishes to the cast



A visit to the star's dressing-room for a final word with Henry Kendall (Aunt Edwina) as the audience were assembling. Other stars in the play include Margaretta Scott and Cyril Raymond

The morning of the show was busy for both the author and his wife. Mrs. Douglas Home had a hair-do (left) at a West End salon and (right) ordered flowers at Constance Spry's for her husband to give to the actresses. Mr. Douglas Home went to his wine merchant's cellar in South Audley Street where with director Major Bruce Shand, M.C. (centre) and Col. Boyd he chose the champagne for his first-night party



36 hours in a playwright's life

continued



Producer Douglas Wallace explains to the cast the notes the author made at rehearsal



William Douglas Home never watches his own first nights—he says he is too nervous. He and his wife stayed in a small office on the top floor of the Fortune Theatre



The curtain goes up, and the play on which so many hopes are fixed gets under way



At the party afterwards Henry Kendall helped Margareta Scott to cut the cake (it represented a hunting scene in the snow). Below: Duff Newton (centre) of B.B.C. television interviewed Henry Kendall and the author the day after the play's controversial opening. The interview was filmed at the B.B.C.'s Riverside Studios







The village that blooms in the autumn

DESCRIBED BY WILLA PETSCHER
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHANIE

EVERYTHING they say about Greenwich Village is almost true. They say it isn't what it used to be, but then it never really was. They say it isn't a village, but it's the nearest thing to it in New York (and within miles of the city). It was, and still is, a cosmopolitan refuge for men and women of talent as well as a shelter for every conceivable variety of charlatan. It's the oldest residential section of New York that bears any resemblance to its past and, more than any other section of Manhattan, it is still a place where you can live in a house that differs from your neighbours and preserve at least the illusion of individuality.

There are, of course, as many different villages as people who live there. Its boundaries—the Hudson River on the West, Fifth Avenue on the East, Fourteenth Street on the North, and Houston Street on the South—envelop a racial spectrum and every extreme of poverty and wealth. Not far from the Greenwich Hotel (the Waldorf Astoria of hobodom) are the Sullivan MacDougal Gardens, the fanciest private housing cooperative in the country and the home of the President of the American Bar Association and several top actors and theatre producers.

Of its 130,000 residents, only one in 200 are actively engaged in creative work—the
continued overleaf

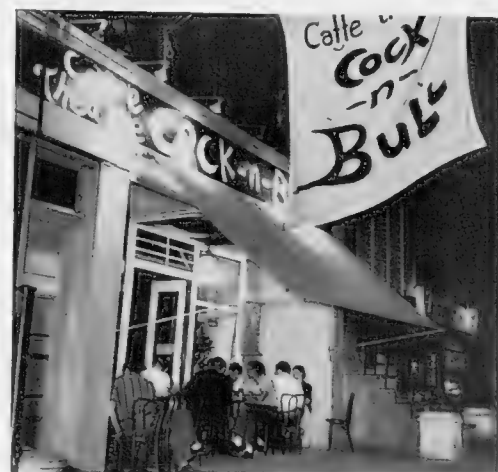
Oblivious to cold and the stares of passers-by, villagers concentrate on their game of chess, traditional in Washington Square



All-night discussions in the many coffee houses on MacDougal Street centre around theories that are avant-garde, dernier-garde and neither here-nor-there-garde. Often there's a picture gallery lining the café walls



Sunday afternoons, people gather round the Washington Square pond for impromptu guitar-playing and folk-songs. While grown-ups perform, children calmly sail their boats



Outdoor cafés are reminiscent of Paris's Left Bank. Below: Bedford Street contains some of the city's oldest houses. This one is 146 years old. Next to it is the narrowest house (9 ft. wide), thought to be once slave quarters





This art shop, one of many round Sheridan Square, is on the corner of West 4th Street



Night Club Row, West 3rd Street. The village attracts teenagers from stodgier districts who can get away with greater informality here



The Whitehorse Inn is the neighbourhood's English pub. Once a haunt of Dylan Thomas, it has mirrors, polished brass & mild-'n-bitter

THE VILLAGE THAT BLOOMS IN THE AUTUMN *continued*

In the evenings and at weekends passers-by can be caricatured by street artists who sit on 6th Avenue, opposite Village Square



Anywhere will do for an earnest discussion, especially when an actor and writer have something on their minds, as these two have



old *vie de Bohème* has to take second place today to a life more commercially rewarding. Many start out making hand-painted ash trays in a basement, but soon discover that it's more lucrative to sell someone else's ideas. A girl comes to the Village to get away from Main Street, North Dakota, and from a strict father who wouldn't approve of the paperback copy of Rimbaud poems his daughter reads over her drugstore lunch. A Detroit business man fancies the Village as a backdrop for a weekend *amour*. Some are born here; others, like Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt (who till recently rented an apartment here), just like it. There may be fewer towering geniuses than 30 years ago when Willa Cather, Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Sherwood Anderson all rubbed shoulders, but there are plenty of young people struggling for recognition.

The village blooms at its annual open-air art exhibition in Washington Square, in the autumn and in the spring. Then its charm and warmth are most apparent. There are bonfires and balloons, men selling ice-cream and big pretzels studded with coarse salt, and the paintings are all over the place—hanging on fences, laid on sidewalks and fluttering gaily from the buildings. Once a small show confined to the Square itself, the exhibition has now achieved the dignity of a catalogue, and it spills over four blocks. Every type of graphic expression is represented and the quality of the art ranges from unspeakable to promising, with a few excellent pictures.

It is rumoured that television is calcifying Village life, but there are still the same number of bars, off-beat coffee houses and paint-splashed dungarees. They say that it's honkey-tonk (which it is in parts), but there are still dozens of fine bookshops open all night. It is true that Washington Arch, once the centre of Village life is quickly succumbing to the encroaching campus of New York University on the south and expensive modern apartment houses on the north. It is true that rooms that once cost eight dollars a month now often cost 100—if you can find one. In the Square, babies formulas are exchanged as frequently as slim volumes of *avant-garde* poetry, and Winnie the Pooh is almost as popular as Freud.

But on lower Fifth Avenue, you can still see the blue-blooded descendants of the old New York families. Escaped from a Henry James novel, with archaic clothes and elbows held stiffly at their sides they walk, heads high. The Village is still a place where a truck-driver lends his van to struggling artists to help cart their canvasses to exhibitions, where a woman walks a monkey on a leash every morning at six, where thousands gather to sing Christmas carols under the Arch and notices for lost dogs are hung on lamp-posts. And in the spring, the grass in Greenwich Village will be quite noticeably greener than anywhere else in the city.

SOME THINGS TO BE **THANKFUL** FOR

*... starting
with this, because
it hasn't happened yet*



continued overleaf

SOME THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

continued

VISCOUNT ALAN BROOKE'S memoirs had enough kick in them to eclipse even the *True Story of Errol Flynn*—an unexpected reprisal for that one-man capture of Burma



THAT ENDLESS SUMMER did end, Britain isn't a dust bowl after all, and for once the colder days of autumn are fun through sheer novelty . . .

THE SHAHINSHAH seems to have found himself a new queen, which promises a smooth succession in Persia, especially as Farah Diba looks exactly like Soraya

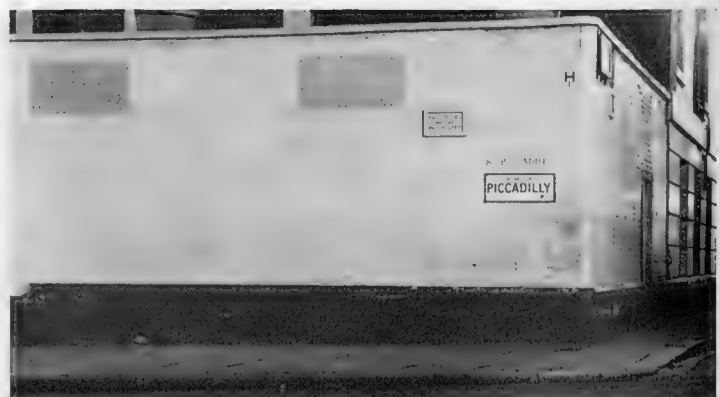


KHRUSCHEV got back alive from his trip to see Ike, and it looks as though (de Gaulle permitting) there really will be a summit conference

DIOR'S ST. LAURENT didn't get away with trying to hitch skirts above knee level, which (apart from outdating every woman's wardrobe) might have killed the smart short-skirt vogue altogether

HAROLD WILSON might have been Labour's Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of which his majority went down—and already the travel allowance has gone up

LONDON BY NIGHT is once again a place fit for tourists to tour—witness this spot in Piccadilly where a notice forbids billposting (once no billposter could have got near the wall for the ladies leaning against it)



Ronald Cohen

THE QUEEN is to have a third child, a happy event not only for the House of Windsor but for all who believe in larger families (not forgetting the baby trade)



THERE'S A BILL on the books to make bookies respectable—they're going to have little shops of their own, and even *chemin de fer* will be playable without invoking the dark shadow of the Black Maria . . .

ERNEST MARPLES (seen opening M.1) has breezed into the Ministry of Transport and shows every sign that the traffic problem is going to be tackled with energy for the first time in living memory



THAT BOOK is safely published, Mr. Nabokov has been lionized, and British freedom is once again being admired—except in France, where the authorities would never have banned *Lolita* in the first place but for British accusations of pornography . . .

HERE YOU ARE, still reading The Tatler—so perhaps this is the moment to mention that the Christmas Number is now on sale (price 3s. 6d. at W. H. Smith's and other bookstalls, plus 6d. postage if you order there or through this office for sending abroad)



Colin Sherborne

ON THE COVER: *The table is laden with a Thanksgiving feast to end all feasts but the little girl settles for an ice lolly. Her dress of tartan wool with a white pique collar costs 5 gns. and comes, like the food, from Fortnum & Mason. Table from Miscellaneous Furnishing, King's Road, Chelsea*
Photograph by Colin Sherborne



RICHEST AROMA in Jermyn Street comes from the profuse display at Paxton & Whitfield Ltd., who post outsize sacks of cheeses and hams everywhere, every day. The photographer had to work fast to get this shot of a spread that constantly changed as orders came in

SOME THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR *continued*

*Never so many
 rich, luscious, exquisite,
 exotic, mouth-watering, super*

THINGS TO EAT

*COUNTER SPY takes five pages over this
 (after all, it's what Thanksgiving is mostly about)*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRISCILLA CONRAN WITH SOME TANTALIZING SHOPS BY RONALD COHE



CHEESE & SALAD—the first from Louis Roche, 14 Old Compton Street, and oil for the second from Berry Bros. & Rudd, the famous wine merchants in St. James's Street. Roche imports from France (left) include *Bresse Bleu*: 4s. 6d., *Fromage de Monsieur*: 3s. 6d., *Excelsior*: 4s. 6d., and two goat cheeses *Rigottes des Alpes*: 1s. 9d., and *Montrachet*: 3s. The *Bresse Bleu* is becoming well-known and popular over here and can be found at most leading grocers and well-stocked delicatessens. The creamy *Excelsior* is also becoming easier to buy generally. Roche have a good variety all year round (except for the seasonal goat cheeses) and are also well-known herb importers. Suppliers are both English & French and they have fresh deliveries starting in March, about three times a week. In April they sell roots & seedlings for customers' own herb gardens, plots or boxes. Dried herbs are always available at the end of the fresh herb season and Roche are also importers of French vegetables in quantity. Other French delicacies which Roche also import are snails which are prepared for them in France, and

come in two or three times a week; also fresh frogs legs—but these only to order. French salad (right) is displayed in a large wooden bowl from Harrods but here the oil is the thing. It is one of the finest pure olive oils made and Berry Bros. & Rudd are one of the few importers. They discovered it in Provence after a search for the perfect oil. Prices: bottle 14s., litre tin 18s. 6d.

continued on page 408



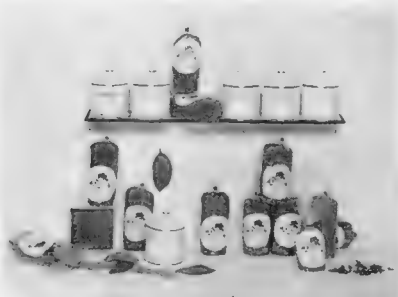




SOME THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

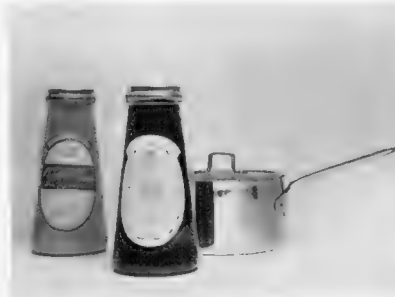
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FRAGRANCE WAITS from the *Lucullus Herb Shop*, R. Brooks & Co., 27 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Manager of the medicinal section, Mr. Leslie Searle, seen behind the counter, is a descendant of herbalists—his great-great grandfather was an itinerant herb-gatherer. Mint, cinnamon, thyme, pot pourri and pomanders fill the shop but the people who work there have become so accustomed to the aroma they no longer smell it



HERBS AND SOUPS: The Herb Farm at Seal, Sevenoaks, packed the dried, prepared culinary herbs (*above*) which are a small example of the types available. They also sell and post herbs for medicinal and pot-pourri purposes. Medicinal herbs can

be sent as plants and pot-pourri prepared, dried and sent to the customer. For customers interested in starting a herb garden or window box, the Herb Farm can provide the seeds and plants necessary. There is a detailed catalogue available. Cellophane packed herbs shown are mint, bayleaves, tarragon, basil, mixed herbs, cloves and parsley—each packet costs 1s. 3d. including postage. White and gold set of Staffordshire herb jars from Harrods. Exotic soups from Fortnum & Mason (*right*) in new, specially designed jars include turtle and oyster soups with a



stimulating flavour. They come in various sizes—the oyster soup is in a large size jar (4s. 11d.) and the turtle soup in a medium size jar (11s. 6d.). In the same style of jar, Fortnum & Mason have other exciting soups, such as game and Bortsch.

Gleaming copper saucepan for heating them is from Harrods.

CHINESE & ITALIAN DELICACIES: The Hong Kong Emporium, 53 Rupert Street, Soho, have probably the biggest variety in London of the delicacies used in Chinese cooking. Difference between this and the other shops stocking Chinese foods is that they sell a great deal of the food fresh or dried and not tinned. They do, of course, also stock tinned Chinese foods, an example is shown (*right*)—a tin of bitter melon (3s.) which for cooking is sliced, fried and used as an



CAVIARE is imported by W. G. White Ltd., 17 Orange Street, W.C.2. Price is about £14 per pound and the opened tins have a retail value of around £60. The shop has a glass & brass front (with a stuffed sturgeon in the window) and stocks over 200 items including truffles, pâté de fois gras, poppadoms, Bombay Duck and dried sea slugs



SCOTCH BEEF, English lamb & Dutch veal have been sold for 100 years at R. Allen & Co. Ltd., 117 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1. The business is run by Miss Covell, a daughter of one of the founding partners. Manager and buyer Mr. R. Parsons says that the shop has changed little over the years and traditional ways of cutting meat are still preserved



accompaniment to beef. The prepared dried foods come from Hong Kong—in the background is a layer of prepared dried shark's fin (2s. 6d. per oz.) and in the foreground, some pieces of bird's nest, a famous Chinese delicacy (9s. 6d. per oz.). Green sprouting beans (2s. per lb.) are sold fresh every day by the Hong Kong Emporium and the seeds (for home-growing) shown here in the front Chinese bowl, are also sold: price 1s. 4d. per lb. The tea in the other Chinese bowl, is called "Green Dragon," price: 16s. per lb. and has a very delicate and unusual



flavour. More familiar to European tastes are the Italian meats and salamis shown (left). They are from Parmigiani Figlio, 36a Old Compton Street. The large hanging shoulder of meat is *Prosciutto*, a gammon smoked to give it its characteristic flavour. The large long hanging meat is *Mortadella*, which is a cooked meat as are the salamis, one hanging and one sliced. Parmigiani have any amount of Italian specialities. These cover an almost fantastic selection of *pastas*, including prepared filled ravioli which comes into the shop fresh daily. *concluded overleaf*

FINE BURGUNDY is sampled behind the window of wine merchants Justerini & Brooks Ltd., at 153 New Bond Street, W.1, by the managing director, Mr. Tatham, and Col. Lambert, director of Chalié Richards, an associate company. Justerini & Brooks was established in 1749, today's interior décor is by Oliver Messel





DELICATESSEN covers the widest possible range at Little Pulteney Stores Ltd., 27 Brewer Street, W.1, with exotic foods from China (everything for chop suey & Co.), Greek Fetta (sheep's milk cheese) and Japanese offerings which include tinned smoked sparrows and insect foods (seasoned bumble bees, roasted silk worms, caterpillars). Dried stockfish and octopus are also sold

PRIZE BACON sides from the famed Dunmow Show hang in the provisions department of the Food Halls at Harrods, Knightsbridge, where all the bacon is top-quality English



ITALIAN FOODS can be found at King Bomba, 37 Old Compton Street. Selection (below) includes a tall jar of whole red & yellow peppers: 6s. 6d.; one of mixed cocktails: 17s. 6d.; a jar of syrupy chestnuts: 12s. 6d.; artichoke hearts in oil: 9s. 6d. Here are pastas of all kinds (slimming ones, too, and a special one for diabetics) cooked Italian meats, cheeses & Italian rices.



William Lusty are importers of Indian curries & chutneys. Shown (next column) are the spicy hot Colonel Skinner mango chutney, the milder Major Grey and the hot Bengal Club (all priced about 3s. 4d.). Also shown: Hot Mango Kassoondie pickle: about 4s. 3d.; an extra hot curry powder: 2s. 3d.; Indian curry paste: 4s. 3d. Selfridges Spice Counter have everything necessary for those wanting to make up their own curry



powder, their spices come in fresh-ground weekly. Pestle and mortar (for grinding them) from Harrods. From the Chesswood range (below) produced by Linfields Ltd., come tinned bacon & mushrooms, 2s. 9d.; mushrooms & macaroni, 2s.; mushrooms & savoury rice, 2s.; creamed mushrooms, 2s. 6d.; button mushrooms, 3s.; whole Sussex chicken, 16s.; mushroom soup, 1s. (in packet); curried chicken & mushrooms, 2s. 6d.; chicken & mushrooms in white sauce, 2s. 9d.; small grilling mushrooms, 2s. 9d. Obtainable in most stores. Tinned American foods from Fortnum & Mason (next



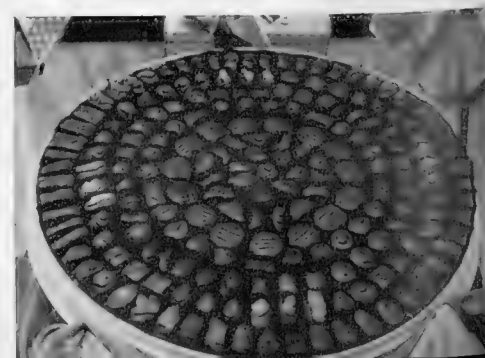
SMOKED SALMON is the speciality at Barnells of Frying Pan Alley, E.1, who also deal in Norwegian prawns, smoked eels & cods' roe



column) include orange-flavoured brandy cakes, 10s. 6d.; French-type babas or rum cakes, 10s. 6d.; Menthabas, 10s. 6d.; ready prepared crêpes suzettes, 9s. 6d.; fruit babas in rum, 10s. 6d. Flat copper pan with lid from Harrods



CHOCOLATES from Charbonnel & Walker Ltd., 31 Old Bond Street, are numbered on the base for identification, this box weighs 10 lb. The firm, founded nearly 100 years ago by two ladies from Paris, also makes confectionery



SOME THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

continued

Never so many little
things that make such a
big difference to how
a woman looks . . .

TOUCHES THAT TRANSFORM



All change here for a new outlook on the ubiquitous little black dress. Transformation makers: the black cock's tail hat with a diamanté pin, 20½ gns. by Peter Shepherd at Woollands. Coiled drop ear-rings, 7 gns., bow brooch, 8 gns., bracelet, 6 gns. All by Christian Dior from Dickins & Jones new collection of French gilt jewellery. Spanish pleated silk cocktail bag on a diamanté-studded frame, costs £14 17s. 6d. from Fortnum & Mason. Basic black worsted wool crêpe dress by Marcusa, costs 9½ gns. and comes from Marshall & Snelgrove; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Cavendish House, Cheltenham

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN EALES

TOUCHES THAT TRANSFORM *continued*

The hat with the self-assured look is in plum coloured velvet with black mesh veiling and costs 18½ gns. By Peter Shepherd at Woollands. Authoritative, too, is the handbag display. *Top row, from left:* dark brown leather with mushroom sides, stitched outline, £15 19s. 6d. from Lenor, Henrietta Place, W.1; Italian silver grey grosgrain evening pochette with side pockets, 4½ gns. from Woollands; hide & ponyskin on a wooden frame, £27 15s. at Fortnum & Mason.

Centre, from left: set-square pigskin bag, double-handled, £16 5s. from Finnigans; golden alligator, shaped by Hermès, £137 from Faubourg St. Honoré, Jermyn Street; pale grey calf bag with concealed outer pocket, £11 15s. from Susan Handbags, New Bond Street. *Bottom, from left:* roomy bag in dark brown calf, £26 12s. 6d. at Finnigans, New Bond Street; brown beaded bag, £21 from Lenor; creamy leather bag from Belt Boutique, Knightsbridge, 6 gns.



The shoe in hand is a new Roger Vivier design for Christian Dior in dark blue satin with a spiky tongue and a diamanté sparkle. Shoes in the top row, *from left*, stitched brown calf country shoe, stacked heel, 5 gns. at Lotus & Delta, Regent Street, Bond Street, Golders Green; Leeds & Edinburgh; Cavalli design from Italy in bronze suède with a pleated satin vamp, from Pinet, Bond Street, 13 gns. *Centre, from left*: Roger Vivier for Christian Dior in

black patent leather with an inward sloping heel and a tartan faille lining; turquoise satin pump (also by Vivier for Dior) with a waisted heel, incrustated with gold, red and turquoise rhinestones. *Bottom, from left*: Portuguese tan grained calf casual with crêpe rubber soles, 5 gns., from Lotus & Delta, Regent Street, Bond Street, Golders Green; Leeds & Edinburgh; slender-heeled black suède and calf shoe with a buttoned tongue. (Vivier design for Christian Dior)





Gloves give a new sparkle to winter outfits. Topping the white porcelain head (from The General Trading Company) is Frank Bryan's elbow-length glove in Pittards apricot suède. Price: 3 gns. at The Glove Shop, New Bond Street; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. *Top row, from left:* threequarter-length glitter glove in bronze lurex for evening; 29s. 6d. by Cornelia James at Peter Robinson, W.1 & Bon Marché, Liverpool; mushroom elbow-length kid gloves inset with chocolate bands, 5 gns. at Fortnum & Mason; white kid evening gloves by Alexandrine, banded at the wrist with diamanté and pearl, 5½ gns. exclusive to The White House; dove pink doeskin and kid gloves, looped at the wrist with kid, 4½ gns. also from The White House. *Bottom:* two country gloves, cream hogskin (*left*) with detachable lining, by Morley, £2 14s. 6d. from Derry & Toms, Horder's, Swindon. Dents natural hogskin (*right*) £2 12s. 6d. at Selfridges; Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh

TOUCHES THAT TRANSFORM

concluded

Sunny side-up for rainy days. *From left:* cream takes turns with brown for a leather-handled nylon umbrella, price: £3 17s. 6d. from Dickins & Jones; nylon telescopic umbrella by Growy, in a Paisley print with a gilt handle, £3 19s. 6d. from Harrods; Bon Marché, Liverpool; pagoda turquoise nylon umbrella costs £2 14s. 6d. at Liberty's. In the Victorian mahogany stand, an umbrella from Dickins & Jones Italian collection, in light grey nylon with its own cover and a silvery crooked handle, price: £6 3s. Leaning against the stand, a scarlet nylon umbrella from Finnigans with a wood and ivory handle, price: £9. The horse's head has its own stand and comes from The General Trading Company





Summing-up the silk scarves you'll be glad to own. *Top*: ceramic print in brown, pink, red and yellow on white, 39s. 6d. from Cassetta, Henrietta Place, W.1. *Top left*: Italian old Master print from a collection by Jacquemar, has blue-brown figures on a dark grey ground and is called *Miraclo del Croce*, 59s. 11d. at Peter Jones; Brights, Bristol. Brown and white print *Bordeaux Porte Oceane* by Hermès, only at Faubourg St. Honoré, Jermyn Street, price: £6 16s. 6d. Tied

round the white porcelain head (from The General Trading Company) is a Lanvin-Castillo scarf printed in an impressionistic pattern of red, brown and yellow on a lime green ground. Price: 5½ gns. at Debenham & Freebody. Underwater plants sway on a grey ground in a Liberty scarf (*lower, left*) which costs 5 gns. Hardy Amies *London Parks* design is patterned in yellow, brown and green with a white rim. 69s. 6d. from Harrods; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham

NEWS PORTRAIT

KLEMPERER CONDUCTS

A study of the distinguished musician now performing at the Royal Festival Hall BY SPIKE HUGHES

OTTO KLEMPERER IS NOW 74. WHEN I FIRST heard him conduct he was not yet 43 and was what is known as *Generalmusikdirektor* of one of Berlin's three big opera houses. The German capital in the last years of the 1920s was a stimulating mixture of unbelievable decadence and rare artistic experience; either way it was undoubtedly the most important musical centre in the world. Bruno Walter was head of one of the opera houses, Erich Kleiber of another. Klemperer was in charge of the theatre which in 1926 had officially been named the "*Oper am Platz der Republik*" (the nearest English for which would naturally have to be "Opera in the Place de la République") but which all Berliners continued to call "Kroll's" after the man who had sold it to William II 30 years before.

Klemperer took over Kroll's in 1927. He had had just 20 years' experience as a conductor, including what may seem a curious assignment for a German in the 1914 War—the directorship of the Strasbourg Opera—until we remember that Alsace-Lorraine had not yet been retrieved by its rightful owners. The newly-named Kroll's and Klemperer lasted until 1931, when the theatre closed—not for the time-honoured financial reasons that usually cause opera houses to close, but as a result of the ceaseless political intrigue, agitation, plot and counter-plot with which all nationalized artistic undertakings in general and those in Germany in particular are riddled.

That such a thing could actually have happened in Berlin two years before Hitler was typical of the psychopathic delight in destruction still peculiar to German reactionaries. Klemperer, with his uncompromisingly adventurous policies, was a natural prey for those elements who later coined the phrase "cultural Bolshevism." His enterprise in performing new and unfamiliar music by Schönberg, Stravinsky, Hindemith and Kurt Weill led to increasingly violent demonstrations by self-appointed guardians of German *Kultur* against conductor, artists, orchestra, administration, and the repertoire in general.

Two years later President Hindenburg awarded Klemperer the Goethe Medal in recognition of his services for the advance-

ment of German culture. Within very few weeks of Klemperer's receiving this decoration the Kroll Opera was opened again; the Nazis had come to power, set fire to the Reichstag across the Platz der Republik and needed a building to hold their meetings in. Klemperer, needless to say, had to leave Germany and like many other German musicians at the time found an uneasy period of peace in Vienna. By the time Hitler had annexed Austria, however, Otto Klemperer had accepted the conductorship of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra and from then onwards was able to lead a comparatively quiet musical life and become in due course an American citizen (he was born in Breslau, Prussia).

For a conductor whose years in Berlin were accompanied by an endless succession of *scandales* and political battles, Klemperer's professional life has been singularly unproductive of even the most trivial anecdotes. There are no tales to suggest that his orchestral rehearsals have ever been enlivened by the wit of Sir Thomas Beecham or the dramatic outbursts of Toscanini. He is a serious scholarly figure (it runs to over six feet in height) who takes a serious scholarly view of music; but where a generation ago he was associated in the public mind with all that was most controversial and new in music Klemperer is nowadays most generally regarded as a sound investment where the classics, particularly Beethoven, are concerned. If his performances lack one quality it is that of a sense of humour. I remember clearly after 31 years Klemperer's performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Kroll Opera. It had tremendous drama and excitement, but it lacked the sense of fun so essential to what Mozart described as a "*dramma giocoso*." Ill-health has afflicted him over too many recent years and prevented Klemperer conducting *Don Giovanni* at the Royal Festival Hall earlier last month. So I wasn't able to see how far the impression of 1928 still held. I am fairly certain, however, that it would have held—for it is one of the signs of a great conductor that he is as consistent in his weaknesses as in his strength. And Otto Klemperer is one of the great conductors of our time.



Rehearsing at the Royal Festival Hall (during an earlier visit) Otto Klemperer was photographed by GERTI DEUTSCH





The play **THE EDWARDIANS**
(Athene Seyler, Ernest Thesiger, Helen Cherry, Nicholas Hannen). Saville Theatre.

The films **THE BEST OF EVERYTHING**
(Hope Lange, Stephen Boyd, Suzy Parker).
Director Jean Negulesco.

LIBEL
(Dirk Bogarde, Olivia de Havilland, Paul Massie).
Director Anthony Asquith.

JOHN PAUL JONES
(Robert Stack, Marisa Pavan, Charles Coburn).
Director John Farrow.

SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURE
Cinerama. Producer Carl Dudley

The records **52ND STREET SCENE** by Tony Scott
MODERN ART by Art Farmer
FLOOK DIGS JAZZ by Wally Fawkes
LITTLE KLUNK by Stan Tracey

The books **THE WAR LOVER**
by John Hersey (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.)
U.S.A. FOR BEGINNERS
by Alex Atkinson & Ronald Searle (Perpetua, 21s.)
DEAD MEN DON'T SKI
by Patricia Moyes (Crime Club, 10s. 6d.)
THE JONESES, HOW TO KEEP UP WITH THEM
by Lee Gibb (Muller, 12s. 6d.)
ELOISE AT CHRISTMAS
by Kay Thompson (Reinhardt, 12s. 6d.)

stupidity of the Edwardians, which could be paltry and mean, arrogant and cold, into something warmly comic; and it has comfortably to pretend that the duke must be accounted wise in the end to make the best of the gilded prison in which he was born. The total effect of these and other no doubt excusable falsifications is a nostalgic period play full of amusing chatter but without a clear story.

The only thing that seems to me needlessly wrong with the adaptation is that it delays too long to declare its theme. There is a house party at Chevron, a house as vast and as lovely as Knole itself, and the host, the young duke, is flirting outrageously with Lady Roehampton, a beauty old enough to be his mother, while her dull husband wanders lovingly and knowledgeably among the pigs in the model piggeries of the ducal estate.

Among the guests is one who does not belong, an Arctic explorer with socialistic views which are thought

guests give us the impression that he is a wild young man behaving rather badly rather than a young man of some sensitivity who is terrified of the fate he sees no way of escaping.

Then again less than justice is done to Lady Roehampton. When her husband finds out that she has made him a laughing stock among his friends and insists on banishing her to the country, she comes out as a mere fashionable lady who has stooped to baby-snatching and accepts her banishment as though it hardly mattered. She would be stronger even as a stage character if it were made plain that the love affair she has foolishly indulged has become inconveniently real.

We miss the contrast that could have been drawn between a grief which is obviously genuine and a false creed which forces her to suffer rather than be ostracised.

To make up for what the story lacks in personal drama Mr. Gow arranges an extremely effective



THE FATAL BREAKFAST on the terrace at Chevron (left) during which King Edward's death will be announced. Ignorant as yet of this disaster, Ambrosine Phillpotts pours coffee for the perplexed George (Anthony Sharp) watched by Harry Tremaine (Richard Vernon). Right: The young duke (Jeremy Brett) assisted by his mother (Ambrosine Phillpotts) and the butler (Ernest Thesiger) puts on his coronation robes with a look of anticipatory anguish

to be pretty well anarchic. He has been invited for his celebrity value, but his business in the story is to point out to the wild young duke that he is in a trap from which he is never likely to escape.

After Oxford he will go into the Guards; he will have various love affairs, mostly with fashionable women; he will attend Court functions. Eventually he will become engaged to a suitable young lady, beget an heir and several other children, do his duty but become, inescapably, a stuffed image.

The explorer's warning to the hero should have been given at the earliest possible moment and when, belatedly, it comes, it seems too perfunctory to be important. Consequently, the duke's restlessness, the trouble he makes for his silly but devoted mother and his tendency to be rather rude to his

theatrical scene showing the easy-going Edwardians shaken to their foundations by the unexpected news of King Edward's death, and visited uneasily by the premonition that society as they have known it has also died. Finally, the duke's acceptance of his personal defeat and a suitable partner in marriage is symbolized by the valet arranging him in his Coronation robes; and here the play becomes strongly alive.

Mr. Jeremy Brett as the duke and Miss Helen Cherry as the Edwardian charmer give performances which, entertaining as they are, suggest rather sadly how much better they might have been if the characters had been properly studied. Miss Athene Seyler is wonderfully amusing as an outspoken dowager with 18th-century manners, and Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts chatters gaily as the duke's feather-pated mother.



THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

It muffs the point—but in ermine

MR. RONALD GOW MAKES BEGUILING stage entertainment out of Miss Victoria Sackville-West's classic novel, *The Edwardians*. Probably he would not mind admitting that the skilful job has involved some falsifying of the novel's values. The novel, "in which no character is wholly fictitious," drew an authentic picture of a period in which aristocracy and opulence often went hand in hand and society, at once dissolute and prudent, was

composed of people who wanted to have their fun and keep their position. The picture was given dramatic unity by its sympathetic study of a dark, handsome youth who struggled through three oddly assorted love affairs to escape from his ducal environment.

The play at the Saville almost necessarily has to coarsen effects and blunt points. It has to emphasize the surface glitter of this society and to turn the underlying



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Whenever did the work get done?

LET EVERY YOUNG WOMAN TAKE warning from *The Best Of Everything*. Against the wolves that infest the asphalt jungle of New York, a poor gal scarcely stands a chance. Statistics would no doubt show that you will find there a higher percentage of grey-flannel-suited lupine menaces, with more nerve and fewer manners, than anywhere else on earth.

Statistics are lacking, but if we can trust this account of what happens to the females employed by a "paperback" publishing house (whose proud boast is that, through the sexy covers on its products, it is inducing the great American public to take an interest in "literatoor"), you'd be far better off, emotionally, in a down-to-earth housewife's job than in the typists' pool or even the executive suite in an all-glass eyrie at the top of a New York skyscraper.

To add from the particular lofty breeding-ground of disillusion with which Mr. Jean Negulesco, directing, is concerned, elevators (and the camera, too) rise and fall like yo-yos—perhaps to convey, symbolically, that what goes up must come down and that high hopes only end in an abyss of heartbreak.

Every woman in the picture is matrimonially minded—every man, except one presumably slightly deranged by alcohol and one sentimentally inclined through having assisted at the miscarriage of an unmarried mother, bears out Mr. C. S. Porter's contention that "a slap and a tickle is all that the fickle male ever has in his head."

Goodness, how sad it is—and won't women lap it up! That is, if they're the kind to gloat over the misfortunes of others.

Miss Hope Lange is first jilted by her boy-friend (who marries into oil) and then invited by him to become his mistress: she is saved from a fate worse than death by Mr. Stephen Boyd—another fate worse than death, I reckon. Miss Diane Baker, a trusting type from Colorado, is seduced by a city slicker (Mr. Robert Evans) who, when she is pregnant, whisks her off to an abortionist instead of, as promised, the altar. Miss Suzy Parker, the pretty typist with stage ambitions, is picked up and dropped by a theatrical producer (Mr. Louis Jourdan): he has thoughtfully warned her in advance that he's the faithless type but the silly girl kills herself trying to prove him wrong.

Miss Joan Crawford, the dedicated career-woman with a waspish disposition, is trying vainly to keep an affair going with a wearying married man, while Miss Martha Hyer, a refined widow, has a hard time fighting off the persistent advances of a one-time lover, also married, who doesn't want to be dropped. There are roughly 30 other girls employed in the same office and for a moment I feared we were going to explore the dismal love lives of the lot—but fortunately somebody has had the sense to realize that even other people's troubles grow a little boring in the long run.

Mr. Anthony Asquith's sensitively directed *Libel* is based on the hard-wearing play by Mr. Edward Woolf,

Q.C., which was first produced in 1934 and is still being performed by companies up and down this and many another country. Its success, I think, derives from the skill with which suspense is maintained up to the last moment.

Mr. Dirk Bogarde gives an excellent performance, his best to date, in the dual rôle of Sir Mark Loddon, a rich baronet, and the shoddy, second-rate actor, Frank Welney, who bears a physical resemblance to him. These two were both prisoners of war, sharing the same hut. Which of them came back to claim the title and to marry the beautiful woman, Miss Olivia de Havilland, to whom Mark Loddon was engaged?

A fellow P.O.W., meeting him long after the war, is convinced that he is Welney and publicly denounces him as an imposter. He has, perforce, to bring an action for libel, the outcome of which, thanks to a variety of ingenious dramatic twists, I think you will find it hard to guess. Mr. Robert Morley speaks with relish for the prosecution and Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, wonderfully foxy, is rightly maddening as eminent counsel for the defence—while Mr. Paul Massie has little to do but look determined as the man who is the cause of all the pother.

The only thing the name **John Paul Jones** reminded me of was that dance in which everybody periodically changes partners. From the film it could well be that this American admiral, woodenly played by Mr. Robert Stack, did lend his name to it—for he gets around quite a bit (though at a snail's pace and creaking in every joint, so to speak). A Scotsman, he arrives, more or less a fugitive from justice, in Virginia: inspired by the patriot who said "Give me liberty or give me death," he sides with the Americans against the British and is instrumental in founding the American Navy. Falling foul of local politicians, John Paul pops off

huffily to Europe, fights the British for the French and later joins forces with the Empress Catherine of Russia (Miss Bette Davies, hamming like fun) to quell successfully some enemy, nationality unspecified, who is kicking up a disturbance in the Black Sea.

On and on the film plods, so that one couldn't care less where he might next turn up. Signorina Marisa Pavan wanly supplies the merest suggestion of a love interest—and about the only thoroughly satisfying performance comes from Mr. Charles Coburn as Benjamin Franklin.

Cinerama's super travelogue, *South Seas Adventure*, has the same appeal and the same faults as its predecessors—splendid photography, fulsome commentary and the same old jiggle where the triptych-type screen is joined. See Hawaii (tourist over-run), Tahiti, Tonga, etc. Sunny entertainment, at least.



MAYFLOWER II'S SKIPPER, when she crossed the Atlantic in 1958, Captain Alan Villiers rates a lieutenant's commission aboard the 18th-century frigate *Bonhomme Richard* in John Paul Jones. The sea scenes were shot off Denia in southern Spain

PERFUME SUGGESTIONS
FOR CHRISTMAS

LANCÔME

Magie 'Baton'

Trésor 'Pendant'

Trésor 'Tear Drop'

Magie 'Sphere'

Envol 'Amphora'

Fleches d'Or



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Mr. Hersey pins down hell

THOUGH I MUST ADMIT TO AN enormous reluctance to reading even so much as the first chapter of just one more novel about the war, John Hersey's *The War Lover* is a book I should have regretted missing. The thing it does best is to tell you exactly what it was like to be a young American flier in 1944, based in England, with all the real part of life bound up inside the skin of a Flying Fortress. The narrator is Bowman, but the book's major character is Buzz Marrow, an ex-stunt pilot, already about 25 (this is old, and it comes with the usual shock to realize the war in the air was mostly fought by boys). Marrow calls his Fortress *The Body*, and thinks of it, flies it, as though it were part of himself. He is a loud, boasting, violent animal with the one superlative gift of flying.

The aspect of the book which seems to me as good as it could possibly be is the re-creation of a climate—the exhaustion, the sad drinking and the parties in between flying operations, the visits to the doctor whose nails are bitten down—and most of all, the building-up of the characters of *The Body's*

crew and the last long terrible raid they make together, which stretches through the book and conveys with appalling conviction and realism the horror of an impossible, outrageous act.

Mr. Hersey does this so well that towards the end action inside the bomber appears to be going in slow motion, and you identify with the frozen hands, the broken will and mechanical reflexes.

Bowman's love affair with the English girl Daphne does not seem to me nearly so convincing—partly because for me she was never really alive. I felt disappointment too in discovering that the point about Marrow was that he was in love with war and death itself (we know that one by heart), and finally has to go down with the sea-ditched Fortress, his mind gone, clinging to one of the propellers and defying rescue. It seemed too obvious, too thin and almost glib for the really complex and complete documentation of day-to-day actuality.

And although I read the book, every word, in a state of trance, I also ungratefully feel it is a good deal longer than is necessary.



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

On the street where they worked

ON MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK, 10 years ago, my feet took me instinctively to an unprepossessing slit between the skyscrapers numbered 52nd Street. There, in days not long gone by, was to be heard the newest and best in jazz, played by the names who put it on the map. It was in fact a sort of shop-window for the jazz profession. Now the clip-strip joints outnumber the jazz dives, and "The Street" is no longer the meeting point for visiting musicians and those who have unusual musical ideas to expound.

A possible epitaph for his former jazz "Mecca" has been contrived by Tony Scott, leading three all-star bands of men who helped make it

famous (LVA9109). Critic Leonard Feather likens "The Street" to a glorious rat-race—but one must remember that its heyday, 1940-50, was also a period of rat-races in other places than New York. This record is interesting for its presentation of three essentially different styles—Dixieland, Modern, and a form of mainstream. The important tracks are the two on which Coleman Hawkins is featured, but there are also good moments in the five bop tracks.

Today it seems a far cry from the frenzied urgency of the bopsters to the slick precision of men like trumpeter Art Farmer and tenor player Benny Golson. They joined forces on two recent albums.

Nevertheless, if, in the future days of pilotless planes, anyone cares to find out what was endured by barely grown-up boys, this book may be the one to hunt out of the shelf.

Now for a strangely assorted mixed bag, and I can't even pretend they have anything in common. I dearly love *USA for Beginners* because I think Alex Atkinson is about the funniest writer alive and this informative, convinced, outwardly calm but secretly panic-stricken account of a tour he never ever took across the United States is beautiful in a madly, wildly extravagant way. Atkinson, I am convinced, *knows* the very heart of America, and being an incomparable parodist he also takes a few sharp swipes at travel-literature in passing. Searle's *America* also runs marvellously through the book, in drawings that manage to be convulsed and passionate as a volcano at eruption-peak, and at the same time deadly and precise. I am forever haunted by his sinister and unforgettable drawing of three Grandma Moseses, indescribably old and wizened and dynamic, painting away like the three Fates across a landscape combining the vital ingredients of New England.

I much enjoyed Patricia Moyes's *Dead Men Don't Ski*, which is a jolly tale about murder in the Italian Dolomites, with some splendid euphoric detail about landscape and ski-ing and some really likeable characters. (In fact reading it has made clear to me that part of my severe mental block about thrillers and bloods is due to the

fact that the most modish ones are all about advanced psychotics having a beastly time. Mrs. Moyes is fond of her characters and likes them to get as much fun as possible, an old-fashioned attitude I greet with tears of welcome and gratitude.)

The Joneses, How to Keep Up With Them, by Lee Gibb, interests me because, beside being witty and sharp as a needle—and Mr. Gibb has a real ear for some of the beastlier aspects of up-to-the-minute jargon and class-slang—it also seems to have been written in a spirit of pure hate. The Joneses are the one-up people, soulless, self-adoring and plain horrible—and after you've listened to Mr. Gibb pinning down their ear-talk, for instance, you hate them too. It's just that maybe 175 pages are too many to be solely concerned with the nastiness of smart people who simply aren't worth that length of treatment, and at the end you feel more than a touch queasy and far too alarmed to laugh.

Eloise, Kay Thompson's little child-creation, is pretty smart too, and keeps coming back like a song for which unhappily I never have been able to care deeply. Sometimes I wish she'd go right away for good, even if Noël Coward does adore her and Lady Pakenham finds her sheer bliss and I do not wish to spoil their fun. *Eloise at Christmas* finds the little madcap at her absoluteliest busiest time of the year, carrying on like a mad thing at the Plaza Hotel and babbling in her customary cute way, and for all I know she'll slay you.

London's *Modern Art* (SAH-T6028) and Contemporary's *New York Scene* (LAC12190) under their respective leaders.

Golson is perhaps better known for his fresh writing—he composed and scored several pieces for Gillespie's big band during its short existence. His fluid tenor sound comes from the Hawkins school, whereas Farmer's style has no direct forerunner. He is an individualist, highly regarded in America for his adaptability; on this showing both he and Golson justify the terms of praise which have greeted them.

I wish I could say the same about Bill Holman's *Jazz Orbit* (HMV CLP1289). He is another tenor player turned composer; indeed, he has written for most of the big bands on the west coast. His failings are mainly due to lack of clarity, born of a desire to throw in everything he has got up his sleeve. To get into orbit with the jazz galaxy is his aim. To do so he must learn to avoid sidetracks, and clear his mind of the confusing problems which beset contemporary composers.

My first stereophonic EP (Decca

STO123) has just arrived. Its title reads *Flook Digs Jazz*. I dig Flook, especially when he gouges from the mud such a bouncing number as "Lucky Duck." Flook, I should explain, is the principle character in a strip cartoon which happens to be drawn by Wally Fawkes, the clarinettist/leader of the Troglodytes. This is gay music, calculated to enliven the Chelsea club where the group performs regularly.

This week we have reached the silly season for album titles; the next one says *Little Klunk*, perpetrated by former Ted Heath pianist, Stan Tracey (Vogue VA160155). He has an interesting approach, modern in thought but anchored to a rhythmic bass of some considerable originality. I detect certain American piano influences, from the illogics of Monk to the bluesy undertones of Mose Allison, in his playing. I am delighted to find that a British artist has the courage of his convictions, to the point of discarding the standard tunes and filling the album with his own original pieces.

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*The
Social
Alphabet* **Q** *for Question & Answer*

*"Now, Sir, sit down and have a drink,
No, that's the better chair . . . oh, well—
A little warmer, don't you think?"*
*This is complete and utter Hell,
The knees are wax, the brain is pulp.*
*"I wondered if you'd sort of . . . (cough)
If you object, of course I . . ." (gulp)—
Hadn't I better call it off?*
"Which what I were to ask about . . ."
Mop brow, smile weakly, start again
*"Would you be horribly put out
"If someone . . . (splutter) . . . married Jane?*
*"Well, not exactly someone, though,
"I mean, I'd rather thought of me—
"I'm-frightfully-fond-of-her-you-know.
"She's-fairly-um-herself-you-see."*
*Phew! Now it's anybody's guess—
I'm scuppered if he says I mayn't.*
*"What, did you honestly say yes?
"I think . . . I feel . . . a little faint."*

Francis Kinsman





Athol Shmith
ALEXANDER VICTOR SIMON (four years), son of the Hon. Simon and Mrs. Warrender, of Melbourne, Australia. Alexander is the grandson of Lord Bruntisfield and of Dorothy Lady Bruntisfield



Barry Swaab
THE HON. JOCELYN (two years) and the HON. RICHARD BOWYER (eight months), with their mother. They are the children of Lord and Lady Denham, who live in Victoria Square, London, S.W.1

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



Lenare
PIERS (one year) and CAMILLA (two and a half years), with their mother. They are the children of Mr. & Mrs. Edmund Birtwistle, Bedwell End, Essendon, Hertfordshire



Fayer
LAURA (nine years), daughter of Mr. John C. Kinahan, of Ovington (S.W.3. Next month the Kinahans are going home to Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A.



Barry Swaab



Clayton Evans
JONATHAN (3½ years), son of Mr. & Mrs. Jocelyn Drew, of Old White's Farm, Forest Row, Sussex

LOUISE (three years) and FRANCIS (six months), children of Mr. Philip and the Hon. Mrs. de Zulueta, of Paultons Street, London, S.W.3. Mr. de Zulueta is Private Secretary to the Prime Minister

*the name
of authority
in furs*

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PASSPORT

It's true what they say about Jamaica

by DOONE BEAL



Rafting on the Rio Grande—Princess Margaret made the trip when she visited Jamaica in the spring of 1958

I SPEND MUCH OF MY TIME IN QUEST of the new and undeveloped holiday places. For me, they are also a matter of personal preference. And yet, nobody is more fond of a properly iced Martini and oceans of hot bath water, good food, bright lights and push-button comfort, than I am—when it comes to the point. The point is somewhere blindingly obvious, like Monte Carlo. To see it again, as I did last month, is to understand just why it has remained, for millionaires and package-deal holidaymakers alike, Europe's by-word for playground. Across the Atlantic, Jamaica is in exactly the same category.

It lacks, perhaps, the intimacy of the smaller West Indian islands such as Antigua, Barbados, Martinique—indeed, it is so large that by these standards one loses the impression of being on an island at all. But it is one of those rare places that truly measures up to what the travel brochures say of it: perpetual sunshine, blue skies, palm fringed beaches, ochre sand. A 70-degree year-round temperature, aquamarine sea that is gin clear when you step into it, and some of the world's most luscious hotels.

It is the land, also, of the romantic Blue Mountains, of waterfalls that tumble down rocky staircases to the sea, of almost Pennine countryside a mere mile away from the chartreuse dappled shades of Fern Gully, of the Cockpit Country (not even charted in detail on the map but called "the land of look behind" because during the Maroon wars the British soldiers had to ride back to back, two to a horse, in order to keep a lookout for ambush).

True enough, the hotels in Montego Bay do look a little like a row of well-kept teeth, but their own tropical brand of comfort (showers in every room, air-conditioning, breakfast on the balcony) is beyond question: and this is particularly apparent to anyone who has ever known tropical discomfort! The smell of Dior and the Ritzier brands of sun

tan lotion mingle with the heady scent of tuberose. On the terraces, the clink of ice in shakers syncopates with the lapping of the sea.

Round Hill, near Montego Bay, is probably the most chic and luxurious of all Jamaica's hotels, and prices for renting their cottages are to match. Conventional hotels in the Bay itself include Bay Roc, Half Moon, Sunset Lodge and Montego Beach. All are excellent.

It is a far cry (although only a short distance by car) from this self-contained baby metropolis to the kind of village that drowns by the roadside as you motor along the north coast from Montego Bay to Jamaica's second tourist centre of Ocho Rios. Typically, a low slung bridge spans a broad, languid stream as it runs out to sea. The narrow wooden houses are built on stilts, a couple of feet from the ground. Outside the timbered shops (selling everything from rum and candles to tea bags) the men gossip in the doorway, women sit in ebon immobility over their piles of paw-paw, and the half-naked children, all eyes and teeth, giggle and scramble under what seem the very wheels of the car as you slow down to pass the sombre-faced oxen, plodding two abreast, along the road.

Ocho Rios, about four hours' drive from Montego Bay, still retains some of the intimacy of the fishing village from which it has evolved. But its hotels have secluded terraces and hibiscus gardens which stretch down flights of narrow stone steps to the sea. Two of the nicest are Jamaica Inn, and the newer Plantation Inn.

Travelling along the coast still further east, you find progressively more village and less resort life. There is a sprinkling of romantic old plantation houses along the corniche road which winds from one lovely vista of hillside, palm and beach to the next, and eels at last into the tranquil old fishing harbour of Port Antonio. This is less developed as a resort than the other

two, and is accordingly cheaper. Staying at either of its hotels, The Tichfield, or Bonnie View (rates about £7 per person a day for double room, full board) there is less to do in the sense of organized recreation, but infinitely more opportunity to see the island itself. There is, however, some particularly good sailing and fishing and you can take a trip on a bamboo raft down the Rio Grande or a superb drive round the east coast, through the banana ports, into the capital of Kingston.

If you have the stamina, don't ignore the possibility of a trip into the Blue Mountains. The first half is a four-hour car journey, followed by a couple of hours' sleep in a small hotel. Then on by mule to watch the dawn from the peak itself.

Highly geared and luxurious though they are, Jamaica's tourist areas are a mere flea bite on its 4,000 square miles. In order to see or begin to know it, a car is essential (self-drive from about £2 a day). British West Indian Airways run a daily half hour flight between Kingston and Montego Bay, £5 17s. return. Flights to London can be made from either point, via either Bermuda or New York. B.O.A.C.'s tourist return £252 15s., de luxe, £371 13s.

Elders and Fyffes have regular 10-day sailings, costing around £250 for the round trip, or £135 a single passage, first class.

It is idle to pretend that Jamaica makes a cheap short holiday, but it is worth remembering firstly that there is a variety of good guest houses on the list of both the Jamaica Tourist Board in Kingston, and in London from the West India Committee in Norfolk Street, W.C.2, or from the offices of the High Commissioner for the West Indies in Bruton St., W.1. Secondly that it is the European winter that created Jamaica's December to April season. In the summer, there is an up to 40 per cent drop in hotel rates.



John Dudley

Hair styling family—Mr. Riché with his son and daughter

Young look hair salon for teenagers

BEAUTY

by Jean Cleland

THE VICTORIAN DICTUM "MOTHER KNOWS BEST" IS LONG OUTMODDED. Today young daughters may follow maternal advice in matters of major importance, but in personal things, such as dress and general appearance, they have their own definite ideas, in most cases with good results.

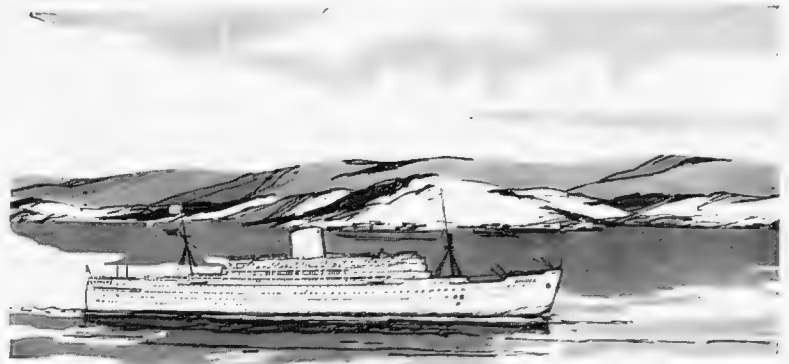
However, they could often do with some guidance on hairstyles. It is not always easy to choose a suitable style which is simple to keep in order between visits to the hairdresser, yet smart. This requires a trained eye—that of a professional hair stylist in fact.

I took advice on this aspect from Mr. Riché of Hay Hill. He said, "Over the years we have found that what teenagers and the early twenties will reject from their elders they will accept from those nearer their own age. That is why we have started a Teenage Salon, to cater exclusively for the young, with prices considerably lower than those charged for their mothers upstairs. On Thursdays we stay open until 6.30 p.m. to accommodate girls who can't leave their jobs earlier.

"Our salon is run by a group of young, yet skilled, assistants (all trained by us). None is older than 22. Among them are our own son and daughter, David 21, and Gillian 19. Like other apprentices they started from the beginning and went through all the different branches of the hairdressing profession. Now, fully qualified, they are having quite a success in the teenage salon."

Expert advice on health and care of the hair comes from upstairs via Mr. Riché himself, or his resident trichologist, Mr. Kingsley. Riché's view is that well-cut hair helps the teenager to handle it more easily. It should not be permanently waved, unless an expert advises that it is necessary. In professional hands, and with skilful cutting, a natural wave is frequently discovered, and if a permanent wave is necessary, it is important that it should be light and as natural looking as possible.

He advises against pigtails for girls over 11 because if there is a tendency towards a natural wave, the weight of the hair is inclined to drag it out. It is better to have a short style, in which the natural movement of the hair can be encouraged by an easy flick of the comb or brush. Greasy hair should not be washed with strong detergent shampoos, as these are apt to aggravate the condition. A good shampoo, in these circumstances, is one containing a little natural wine spirit. Best kind of shampoo for dry hair is one with a vegetable oil.



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Madame Yevonde

Miss Jane Tinker to Mr. Charles Lyon Stephenson. *She* is the daughter of the late F.-Lt. T. M. Tinker, and of Mrs. W. Mundy, of Sturton-by-Stow, Lincs. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C.E.K. Stephenson, of Great Longstone, Derbyshire



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The Daimler SP 250 with 2½ litre V8 engine developing 140 h.p.



Gordon Wilkins with the TVR Gran Turismo coupe, built at Blackpool



The Peerless Gran Turismo has twin petrol tanks built into the body sills below the doors

MOTORING

The cloak-and-carburettor trade

by GORDON WILKINS

THE EXPORT MARKET IN SPORTS cars is now such a flourishing one that there are cars being made in England and shipped abroad which are practically unknown on the home market. The sea air seems to suit them. I suppose not one motorist in a hundred has heard of the Elva Courier, made in Hastings, or the TVR built in Blackpool, yet hundreds of one and dozens of the other have been shipped to the United States.

I tried a TVR at Goodwood the other day. It is a pretty little thing, built by two enthusiasts, Trevor Wilkinson and Bernard Williams, only 48 inches high and with body lines that prove we can build good-looking cars without going to Italy for the designs. The chassis has all-independent suspension and the engine in the car I drove was the old-type Ford Anglia side-valve unit, with a Shorroek supercharger and the standard Ford three-speed gearbox.

It had had a hard life as demonstration and competition car; the engine was noisy and the gearbox groaned, but it leapt away with a slight whine from the supercharger, hitting 60 m.p.h. in second and cruising happily at about 80 in top. I had no chance to check the maximum speed, but they say it is well up in the nineties. The drum brakes needed rather a lot of pressure for such a small car, and going into corners it twitches its tail just as the Elva does, but if you ignore this and carry on with the motoring, nothing else seems to happen.

Price is £725 basic, complete with

supercharger. Eventually it should be available with the new overhead valve Anglia engine and four-speed gearbox which should make it a most exciting little car. Meanwhile there is room for improvement in detail finish and location of items such as door handles and window winders.

Another car that is still rather a rarity is the Peerless Gran Turismo, a compact low-built four-seater coupe with Triumph TR3 engine, gearbox and front suspension, disc front brakes and a De Dion rear axle. Twin petrol tanks are built into the body sills below the doors, leaving the whole tail free to carry the spare wheel and a useful amount of luggage. You have to fold yourself to enter, but the driving position is excellent, with a racing-style wooden-rimmed wheel, well-placed pedals and fly-off hand-brake.

The front seats have deeply curved backrests, for firm support when cornering fast, with slots in them for ventilation, and the driver's window has a quick-acting lever requiring only a straight pull or push to raise or lower it.

The Peerless is roomier and heavier than the TR3, but thanks to the De Dion axle you can slam the throttle open for a quick getaway without wheelspin and reach 60 m.p.h. in around 11 seconds; while the smooth shape gives good acceleration at high speeds. I got about 50 in second, 60 in overdrive second, and over 90 in overdrive third. Flat out speed in overdrive top seems to be about

106-108 m.p.h. Overdrive, operating on the top three ratios, is the Laycock de Normanville type, controlled by a switch on the instrument panel which glows red when overdrive is engaged.

The plastic body, moulded in one piece, seems very strong and the whole car feels taut and stable even when cornering on the limit. It steers well, has fine brakes and is enjoyable to drive. Early models were roughly finished and intolerably noisy, but finish has improved steadily and noise is now down to a normal level for this type of car. Price is £1,100 (£1,559 9s. 2d. with tax).

Another model intended primarily for export, although a few will be seen at home, is the Daimler SP 250 sports convertible, powered by a fine new 2½-litre V8 engine developing 140 horsepower. It has independent suspension at the front and disc brakes on all four wheels. It has two separate front seats, comfortably contoured for fast cornering, two little occasional seats and an unusually big luggage trunk with the spare wheel lying flat below the removable floor.

Unfortunately the pedals seem to be in the wrong places for fast driving. My knee banged the edge of the instrument panel when I used the clutch unless I pushed the seat far enough back to render the rear seats unusable and it was impossible to use heel and toe on accelerator and brake. The wind-screen is very shallow but the forward view is quite good over the sloping front, except that in parking

one cannot see the full extent of nose and bumper, which project well beyond the headlights. A certain number of ripples on the wings proclaim a plastic body.

The engine is excellent; responsive but not too noisy. Whether you go lazing along at 20 m.p.h. in top gear or go snarling up to 6,000 revs. a minute in the gears, it responds perfectly; smooth, powerful, flexible and versatile. I got 100 m.p.h. in third gear in a remarkably short distance with plenty more in hand, and top speed is a genuine 120 m.p.h.

It was possible to override the synchromesh, and slight clutch slip occurred during fast gear changes, indicating a need for a clutch more suited to competition driving. Synchromesh on first gear would also seem to be indicated on a new gearbox designed expressly for a quality sports car. The ride is rather firm and there is marked tail twitch (technically known as roll oversteer) when the car is thrown into a corner fast. In fact the tail is so lively that it is difficult to use all the power available.

Bearing in mind that the SP 250 was produced under the direction of Mr. Edward Turner, one of Britain's most brilliant motor cycle designers, it must be admitted that it handles a lot better than a motor bike and sidecar, but it will be a more interesting car when chassis and transmission development have caught up with that of the engine. Price £983 17s. 6d. (£1,393 with tax).



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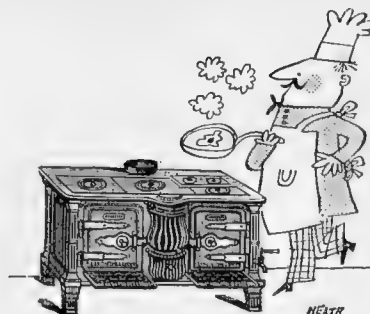
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DINING IN

by HELEN BURKE

Turkey for Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE UNITED States, which falls a week tomorrow, dates back to the time when, following the first disastrous year, the Pilgrims had a good harvest. They gave thanks for it, and for the kindness of the Indians who had introduced them to two of the greatest benefits these "new" people could have been given—corn (maize) and turkeys. The Indians also taught them how to till the new-to-them soil, thus setting the pattern for America's prosperity today.

In the U.S.A., turkey is the dinner bird for Thanksgiving Day and Pumpkin Pie is the sweet or, as it is called there, dessert. Turkey, in this country, is the traditional Christmas bird but, competing in price with home-produced beef as it does, we can quite reasonably serve it more often than once a year. This has already happened in the New World.

It is well to remember that, turkey being a rather dry bird, the early settlers in the United States used finely-minced fat salt pork as part of the stuffing. (They "put down" salted pork for later use). Those on the coast were not long in trying out oysters, too. (Could they have taken the idea from these islands by way of beef-steak and oyster pudding?)

Here is a modern American stuffing for the bird. The pork in it adds flavour as well as moisture.

Mince 2 lb. fresh pork, lean and fat in equal proportions, and fry it and a finely chopped Spanish onion until evenly browned, moving them about so that the meat does not "knot." Add a cupful of chopped tips of blanched celery leaves and 3 oz. seedless raisins, first covered with boiling water, left for 10 minutes and then drained.

Remove from the heat and add 2 oz. chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each powdered thyme and grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup small diced parboiled potatoes, 2 dessertspoons chopped parsley, the turkey liver cut into small pieces (first covered with boiling water,

left for 10 minutes and then drained), with salt and freshly-milled pepper to taste.

Leave this stuffing to become cold, then fill the body opening with it. To close the opening, I think the easiest and most efficient way is to use short metal skewers or cocktail sticks, running them through, one-third of an inch apart, just enough of the flesh on each side of the opening to hold. Next, starting at the top, lace string back and forth, much as boots used to be laced, drawing the opening as close as possible. Tie the ends of the string at the tail stump end. Before carving, one has only to pull out the skewers and the string will fall away.

For the crop end of the bird, a nice soft chestnut stuffing is hard to beat. The main thing is never to use anything which absorbs moisture, but which contributes to it.

Here, for the benefit of the less experienced, are the cooking times and temperatures for turkeys of various sizes:

7 to 12 lb. $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours at 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2.
12 to 16 lb. $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 hours at the same temperature.
16 to 20 lb. 5 to 6 hours at 275 to 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1.

Having brushed the bird all over with softened, not melted, butter, wrap it in a double sheet of wetted greaseproof paper. Roast it on one side for a third of the time, on the other side for another third, basting it four times during the roasting. For the last hour, let the bird roast on its back and, if it is not colouring nicely, remove the paper to expose the breast and, if necessary, raise the temperature a little.

Pumpkin Pie is an open pie filled with a richly spiced pumpkin-custard. Fresh pumpkin is sold, by the piece, by many greengrocers.

Make your usual flan pastry, using an egg in it because that helps it to resist the moist filling. Line a $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8-inch flan ring or pie plate with it.

Sieve a cupful of steamed pumpkin and beat into it $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar, a tiny pinch of ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, ginger and grated nutmeg and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Beat together 2 eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of single cream or top milk and mix them into the pumpkin mixture.

Pour this filling into the pastry-lined tin, within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the edge, and bake for 35 to 40 minutes in all, starting at 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8 for 10 minutes, then reducing the heat to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 for the remainder of the time.

A special topping is often made by covering the baked top of the pie with halved pecan nuts, sprinkling a little maple or caramel syrup over them or apricot jam, thinned down a little and sieved, and returning the pie to the oven for just long enough to glaze the surface.

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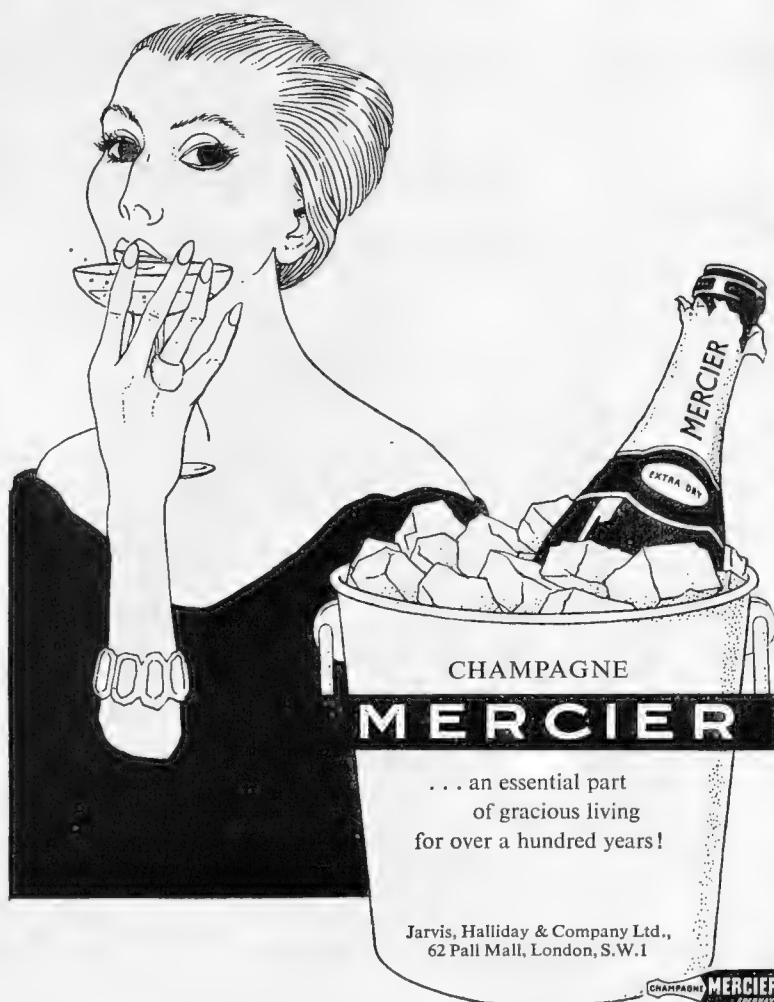


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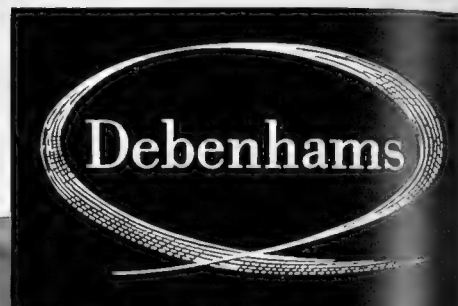


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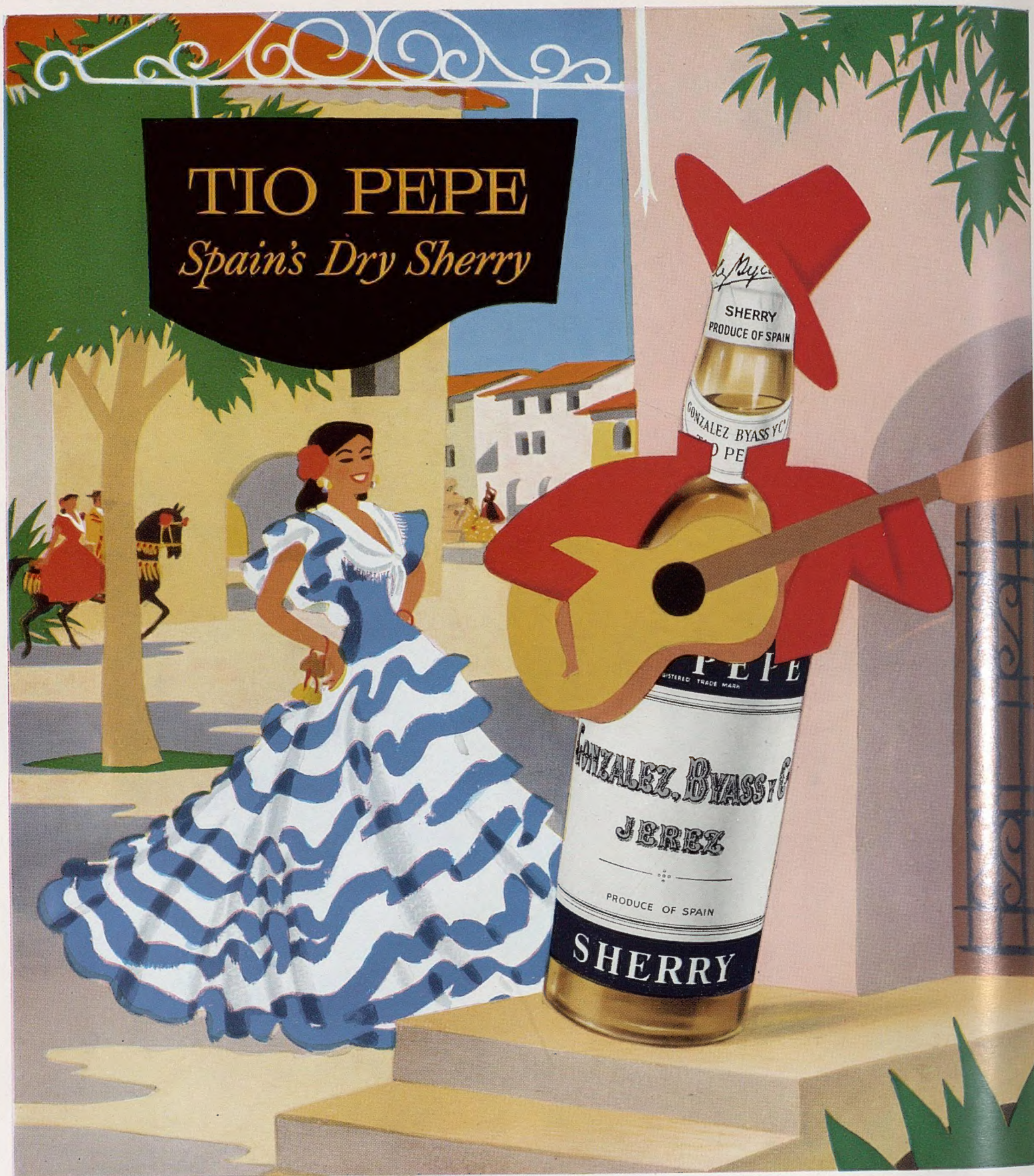
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(Continued from previous page)

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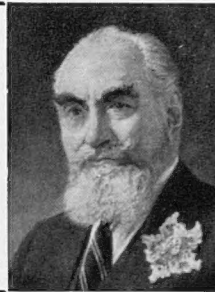
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